HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXVIII.—No. 1949. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1894. TEN CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

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WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)
PUBLISHED
NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 28, 1894.
TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN GERMANY.

EVER since the removal of Prince BISMARCK from the Chancellorship of the German Empire there has been an impression abroad that the political course of the young Emperor, the so-called "new course," was aimless, capricious, calculated to produce general distrust and discontent, and to loosen the bonds which hold the German nation together. It is no doubt true that the popularity with which WILLIAM II. started out suffered much from the abrupt manner in which he threw off the authority of the most deserving and most experienced German statesman, and from the many surprises to which he treated the world. There was much shaking of heads as to what it would all come to, and apparent symptoms of an incipient disintegration of the new empire were not wanting. But two events have recently happened which were calculated to produce a decidedly favorable change of feeling among the German people themselves, and to put German affairs into a different light before the world outside. One was the reconciliation between the Emperor and BISMARCK, and the other the conclusion of the commercial treaty between Germany and Russia.

The resolution of the German Emperor to bring on a reconciliation with BISMARCK was no doubt owing to a combination of two motives, one sentimental and the other political. The young monarch, however strong may be his traditional faith as to the divine right of kings, and however fiery his pride as a HOHENZOLLERN, is, after all, of a warm-hearted and sympathetic disposition, and there are many reasons for believing that the thought of the great statesman who had done so much to make Germany united, respected, and powerful, and to raise the HOHENZOLLERN to the position of the foremost dynasty in Europe, dragging out his old age in sore disappointment as a political exile, weighed heavily upon his mind. It must have struck him that if BISMARCK died under circumstances so dismal, every popular note of sorrow and every demonstration of reverence for the memory of that colossal historic figure would be like a burning reproach to the young monarch who had suffered the old hero to die in gloom and bitterness of soul brooding over the ingratitude of kings. This the Emperor was under all circumstances bound to prevent; and, following a just impulse, instead of waiting for an opportunity, he made the opportunity himself. In doing so he satisfied a sentimental craving not only of his own heart, but also of that of the nation. And the German people, who with regard to him had in the course of years become more and more critically disposed, turned again to him with the warmth engendered by the consciousness of a fellow-feeling.

At the same time, by taking this particular step at this particular period, the Emperor did the country as well as himself a political service of no small importance. BISMARCK, although shorn of official power, still wielded a potent influence over the opinions of a large portion of the German people. His unsparing criticism of the "new course," conveyed to public attention through his newspaper organs, not seldom caused the government serious annoyance, if not embarrassment. It may not have been able to create an opposition, but it certainly was apt to strengthen the opposition already existing, and might have been of decisive effect when the chances for and against the success of a government measure were about evenly balanced. This was the case with the Russo-German commercial treaty, which the German government regarded as a matter of the highest importance. The German Emperor probably did not exaggerate this importance when he said that in a certain sense the question of peace or war was involved in it. The reason given for this apprehension was that the prosperity of the southern part of Russia, and its ability to contribute to the support of the Russian government, depended upon the exportation of grain; that this exportation into Germany, one of its principal markets, was cut off by existing German tariff legislation; and that, while the Czar of Russia was peaceably inclined, he might be driven by an intolerable economic condition to seek a change through a warlike enterprise.

The commercial treaty agreed upon between the Russian and German governments was to relieve this situation. In general terms, it provided for a considerable reduction of the German tariff on Russian grain, and, on the other hand, for the opening of the Russian market to certain industrial products of Germany. Thus it was to benefit both countries, and to establish, commercially, a friendly intercourse between them, which would certainly be calculated to work in the interest of peace. But the treaty was instantly opposed by the so-called "agrarians" in Germany, the agriculturists, led by the large landlords. They vociferously insisted that a reduction of the tariff on breadstuffs in favor of Russian grain would ruin the agricultural interest, and thus undermine one of the foundations of the monarchy. That the effect of the treaty would be to curtail the "legislative favors" enjoyed by the large land-owners was true enough. Their tenants would not be able to pay as high rents as before, and the landlords would not be able to live as splendidly, to give as many dinners, to drink as much champagne, and to keep as many servants and fine horses and carriages as before. And at this they were just as virtuously indignant as some of our manufacturing beneficiaries of the tariff are when the bounties they enjoy through high duties are to be cut down.

The opposition of the "agrarians," who in so far resemble our Populists as they also favor "cheap money," "free silver," and similar things, appeared especially serious as the leading element among them, the large landlords, formed the backbone of the old Conservative party. They set on foot a widespread agitation, and contrived combinations with other political organizations, threatening to defeat the Russo-German treaty in the Reichstag. BISMARCK, himself a large landlord, had, ever since his abandonment of the free-trade policy, favored high duties on agricultural products, and it was to be feared that his influence would be exerted against the Russo-German treaty, as it had been against similar treaties before. Then came the impressive spectacle of his reconciliation with the Emperor, which moved the masses of the German people to a high degree of enthusiasm. The BISMARCK organs in the press treated the Russo-German treaty with great delicacy; the Emperor's impulsive energy lost no opportunity for pressing it upon the favor of the people, now more willing than ever to listen to him; the opposition crumbled to pieces, and the treaty passed the Reichstag by a large majority, of which all the liberal elements formed part.

It was a great success. The principle underlying the treaty is economically sound. Its practical effect will be to promote the prosperity of both countries. It was also a great success in diplomacy, and as such it is not without a humorous aspect. The frantic ecstasy of the French on the occasion of the visit of the Russian squadron at Toulon is still remembered. They evidently thought that their supposed ally, the Czar, was wedded to them for weal or woe. And now it appears that, while France stubbornly adhered to the high protective system, Germany made to Russia a mutually advantageous concession, and brought about with that country a friendly understanding upon a far more substantial foundation than mere international hysterics. The rumors recently afloat, that this understanding is to be the starting-point of a movement in favor of a reduction of the burdensome armaments of the great powers, must indeed be considered as premature. But if a consummation so full of blessings to mankind is to be reached at all, it will be through the means of mutually beneficial agreements between nations, of which the Russo-German treaty presents an example.

SENATOR MORGAN AND THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

SENATOR MORGAN has advised the Democrats of Alabama not to endorse Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration. Whether or not his advice will be taken is a matter of doubt. Last autumn when the bill repealing the SHERMAN act was before the Senate, and Mr. MORGAN was opposing it in behalf of silver, the Democratic State Committee of Alabama passed a resolution condemning the course pursued by him and his colleague, Mr. PUGH. It may be that the party convention will agree with the committee rather than with Mr. MORGAN.

So far as Mr. MORGAN himself is concerned, he is right in openly condemning Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration. He ought, indeed, to go a step farther, and to renounce the party with whose professed principles, as well as with whose President, he disagrees. Senator MORGAN is one of the unfortunate burdens of the Democratic party. He and his colleague Mr. PUGH have done as much to bring discredit and odium upon the organization with which they affiliate as any two men in the Senate. They have never been in sympathy with the movement that resulted in the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND in 1884, and that compelled his renomination in 1892. They come down to us from a former generation. They call themselves Democrats, like a good many other Southerners, because they cannot remain in public life except as Democrats. Their controlling political principle has been that the State government of Alabama should be administered by the whites, no matter who might have the votes. Beyond that they have cared for nothing but the division of spoils, and to keep in favor with the most ignorant public opinion in their State.

Mr. MORGAN does not care for civil service reform, and his colleague has been one of the most persistent patronage-beggars in the Senate. While he is receiving post-offices, he assails the man who bestows them upon him. Mr. MORGAN sneers at the President's virtues, and does his best to defeat his policies. He is a half-hearted tariff-reformer, standing in awe of the iron belt and the furnaces of the northern part of his State. He dislikes "mugwumps," and while he is doubtless willing to accept their votes, resents any suggestion that their views shall prevail in the administration of the government, or that any of them shall be appointed to office. If the Farmers' Alliance should demand that the government shall lend its members money on their perishable crops, Mr. MORGAN would assent. He is a strict constructionist of the Constitution when the Federal government seeks to control elections in Alabama, and a latitudinarian whenever it is proposed that the general government shall squander millions within the State. He would vote hundreds of thousands for creeks and post-offices in the backwoods, and pare down the appropriations for harbor improvements on the seaboard. He is for free silver, and if the time comes he will be for fiat money. He is for an income tax because it will fall on the North and the East, and for a sugar duty because it will protect his neighbors in Louisiana. Every attack on accumulated wealth receives his encouragement, and every communistic desire to help the idle at the expense of the thrifty meets with his favor.

If the Democratic party adopted Senator MORGAN'S principles it could not carry a single Northern State, and it is doubtful if, even with the aid of the race issue, it could carry more than two or three Southern States, for the South is more prosperous and intelligent than Mr. MORGAN and his Populist allies appear to believe. It will add greatly to the health and strength of the party if it loses not only Mr. MORGAN, but Senators PUGH, IRBY, GEORGE, COKE, BUTLER, CALL, and a number of other prominent people who are bringing discredit upon it and its pledges, for if these men remain in the Democratic party, and retain their present power to thwart the purposes of those who forced the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND and elected him, the career of the party is ended for this generation at least. What the Democratic party needs is a purging that will leave it free of the taint of Populist disease in the South, and of the HILL and Tammany disease in the North. If the poisonous elements will not go themselves they ought to be driven out, but any expression of willingness to retire voluntarily should be hailed with delight by all who entertain a friendly feeling for the party.

RAPID TRANSIT AND ITS ENEMIES.

THE strenuous and heretofore unsuccessful efforts of the city of New York to secure rapid transit illustrate the material injury which CROKER'S government is working to the metropolis. New York's great need is a proper transit system. Its material growth and expansion have been prevented by the lack of facilities to travel quickly from one end of the city to the other. Rents have remained abnormally high in the district within half an hour of the business parts of the city, because to live beyond that point means the discomforts of inadequate transportation, crowded cars, and slow progress. This state of things has enured to the benefit of towns and cities on the opposite side of the Hudson or the East River, and in Westchester County. A suburban resident living from twenty to thirty miles from the City Hall or the Grand Central Station at Forty-second Street can reach his home from the business quarter as quickly as the man who dwells near the upper terminus of either of the elevated railroads. And this is especially exasperating when it is considered that on a rapid-transit road trains could be run from the Battery to Harlem in from ten to fifteen minutes.

The chief obstacle in the way of a rapid transit road is the Manhattan Elevated Company and its allies in Wall Street and Tammany Hall. The best opinion in the city favors an underground road. It is generally conceded that only with such a road can the problem be solved. The Rapid Transit Commission, which has been struggling ineffectually for four years to devise an acceptable plan, agreed on an underground plan. It could not sell its franchise, being prevented by some mysterious influence. No one doubts the value of such a franchise. Its possibilities for wealth are enormous. Nevertheless men who confess that no more tempting prize has ever been put on the market hesitate to seize it.

As soon as the attempt to sell the underground franchise failed, the Manhattan Elevated came to the front. It offered to provide the city with what it needed. There is no one, however, outside of the persons interested in this road who believes that rapid transit can be supplied by an extension of the elevated structures. The company, however, might have secured extensions but for the fact that it was unwilling to pay the city for very valuable franchises. One commissioner alone, a grant of privileges to an existing corporation requiring the unanimous vote of the

commissioners, stood in the way of a gift of practically all remaining franchises to the Manhattan Elevated. This plan failing, the BUSHE plan, named from one of the commissioners, was devised. It provides for a new elevated system, and may therefore be adopted on the approval of four commissioners. The BUSHE plan was invented in the interest of the Manhattan Elevated Company, and its course and lack of terminals show that eventually it is to be taken into the Manhattan system, or at least to form an alliance with it, and to be practically under the same control.

While this scheming has been going on, efforts have not ceased to secure real rapid transit by an underground road. First, Mr. R. T. WILSON, a banker, acting for a syndicate of capitalists, offered to build an underground road at an estimated cost of $45,000,000 if the city would lend its credit to the amount of $30,000,000. The objection to this plan was that the city is forbidden by the constitution to lend its credit to any private enterprise, so that the plan would require the adoption of a constitutional amendment, and consequently a long delay. Then ex-Mayor HEWITT brought forward a plan of his own, which met all difficulties, and so satisfied the Chamber of Commerce that it was adopted by that body, Mr. WILSON withdrawing his proposition. Under Mr. HEWITT's plan the city would own the road, but it would be economically and honestly built, because the company that is to operate it would construct it, and the rental would be based on the cost of construction.

It would seem that such a plan would be hailed with delight by the persons charged with the administration of the municipal government, and that the Legislature would enact the requisite laws without delay. But the facts are quite otherwise. Tammany Hall at once joined forces with Manhattan to defeat rapid transit. Mayor GILROY opposed the Chamber of Commerce bill on grounds that were absolutely demolished by Mr. HEWITT, and yet he adheres to his opposition, and is supported in his war on the true interests of the city by ex-Speaker SULZER and other Tammany and some Republican members of the Legislature. The animus of the majority of the Rapid Transit Commission is shown by the fact that while the WILSON plan was pending, and while they pretended to favor it, they nevertheless expended thousands of dollars in making surveys and maps, and procuring consents for the BUSHE plan.

In order to assure the defeat of the Chamber of Commerce plan, a bill providing for a new rapid transit commission, to be appointed by the Mayor, was introduced in both Houses of the Legislature—in the Assembly by Mr. BUTTS, a Democrat, and in the Senate by Mr. LEXOW, a Republican. This bill gives to the Manhattan Company a monopoly of all elevated railroad privileges south of the Harlem River, and empowers the new commission to extend its lines north of that river. It further provides that the question of constructing a road by the city shall be referred to the people. So eager were the promoters of this bill to defeat the Chamber of Commerce bill, on which not only the business men of the city but the press are practically united, that it was hurried through the Assembly on a false statement as to its purport, and Mr. LEXOW endeavored to secure its passage in the Senate while the representatives of the Chamber of Commerce were being heard before the committees of the two Houses. It is said that labor organizations are the authors of the BUTTS-LEXOW bill, but strong doubt has been thrown on this statement by Mr. HEWITT's cross-examination of the alleged labor representative. The defeat of the Chamber of Commerce bill has been further attempted by loading it with amendments.

This is the history of the attempt to secure real rapid transit for the city. So far as they have been able to give expression to their views, the people of New York favor the Chamber of Commerce bill. Opposed to it are Manhattan and Tammany Hall. There is abundant reason to believe that some one high in Tammany Hall has an important pecuniary interest in Manhattan. Acting with Tammany are the PLATT Republicans in the Legislature. This is a powerful combination of money and political power. The pressure and influence of the capital which is controlled by Manhattan and those interested in it have thus far been found irresistible. For many months private capitalists have several times been on the point of offering to construct an underground road, but they have been deterred by threats or arguments appealing to their personal welfare. The friends of Manhattan have thus been able to prevent competition from private capital. The question remains, Can this combination of money and bosses defeat the Chamber of Commerce bill? Is the city entirely in its power? Must New York cease to expand in order that Manhattan may retain its present monopoly and gain a greater one? Will the Legislature, in the face of this exposure of the conspiracy against the city, persist in defeating the only practicable plan proposed for rapid transit?

The Republican majority in the Legislature can answer. It is responsible for legislation. It may pass the Chamber of Commerce bill, and thus give New York rapid transit, or it may endorse the tricks, the trades, the defiance of public sentiment, the tyranny, by means of which it is attempted to turn over to Manhattan gratuitously and in violation of the rights of the people and of sound business principles the rapid-transit facilities of the city.

THE CHURCH AND THE STATE.

WHEN the convention for the revision of the Constitution of the State of New York meets next month, one of the first propositions that will be laid before it will be an amendment as follows:

"SEC. 12 No law shall be passed respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, nor shall the State, or any county, city, town, village, or other civil division, use its property or credit, or any money raised by taxation, or otherwise, or authorize either to be used, for the purpose of founding, maintaining, or aiding, by appropriation, payment for services, expenses, or in any other manner, any church, religious denomination, or religious society, or any institution, society, or undertaking, which is wholly, or in part, under sectarian or ecclesiastical control."

The amendment is precisely the same, except that it relates to the State alone, as one that has been proposed, and very urgently and generally advocated, by the National League for the Protection of American Institutions, to be added to the Constitution of the United States. Both are simply the complete and practical application of the principle of the separation of church and state—a principle that lies at the foundation of much of the law of the United States, and which is justly regarded both in our own country and throughout Europe as peculiarly an American principle. As the facts now are, there is no great nation, whatever its form of government, in which this principle is so clearly and logically applied as in our own. In Great Britain there is still an Established Church. In the German Empire, Protestant and clerical influences contend for the favor or control of every successive Parliament. In France the republic is just emerging from an exhausting struggle with clericalism. In Italy the question of the Church hangs always a threatening cloud above the near future. Compared with the first and safest of these nations, the position of the United States seems advanced, tranquil, secure. And yet it would be a great error to assume that church and state are here so separate in reality as they seem to be. So far as concerns the Federal government, it is true that the influence of any religious or sectarian sentiment or prejudice is only indirect, though there have been cases in which it has been exerted, and not for good. In the States there are many evidences of an interference that is real and may be serious. The direction in which this is chiefly felt is that of education. There is a definite and apparently a concerted effort to divert a certain share of the revenue from taxes to the support of sectarian schools. There is a like effort toward a like diversion for the support of institutions generally educational under the direction of the clergy of some religious sect. And while this in itself is objectionable, and even mischievous, it has a related effect that makes it still worse. It brings religious passion into politics, and there is nothing that confuses, embitters, and sophisticates political sentiment so much as religious passion.

The aim of the League for the Protection of American Institutions is, by a clause of the Constitution, of the fundamental and supreme law, to put it out of the power of the Legislature to spend public money for any religious purpose, direct or indirect, and thus to banish all temptation for parties to appeal to sectarian sentiment. It seems to us a very sensible and practical thing to do. We do not see how any one can object to it without in effect confessing to a desire to do what the amendment is intended to prevent. Undoubtedly it will be opposed, and very strenuously. But the opposition will not be open, frank, and public, as the advocacy of it will be. It is therefore especially necessary that the support of the amendment should be made as general and earnest as possible, and this is the object of the league. The league is a most influential organization. We have only to cite the names of the Law Committee by whom the amendment has, after patient study, been framed, to show the standing of the gentlemen who formed the league. They are Messrs. WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER, DORMAN B. EATON, CEPHAS BRAINERD, HENRY E. HOWLAND, and WHEELER H. PECKHAM. It would not be easy to select five names from the bar of New York that would command more confidence and respect. And the league members include a large number of equal prominence and character. It would be safe, on general principles, to follow such guides In the present instance the path they are pursuing seems to us, for every citizen, the path of safety, of wisdom, of duty.

MUNICIPAL ART.

IN another column of this paper will be found some account of the first fruits of the operations of the Municipal Art Society towards the embellishment of the city. The society is not much more than a year old, and this achievement of securing the artistic decoration of a room in a public building is highly creditable in itself, and yet more interesting in the earnest it gives of better things in the future than we have had in the past It is not to be denied that the artistic standard of public work in the city of New York, as well as in most American communities, and under the general government itself, is far below the standard of the best private work. Nothing could be more desirable in its way than to bring to bear the body of trained artistic opinion upon the public work. The extreme need of such an application is strikingly shown in the very building which is to be the scene of the first labors of the society, the Criminal Courts Building in Centre Street, which has escaped general disapprobation only because it is placed where it is brought to the notice of comparatively few of those whom its aspect would sadden or repel.

It would be a very inadequate view to take of the new society to regard it as an organization of æsthetic dilettanteism, or even to put it on the same footing with an ordinary artistic organization. Although its object is æsthetic, it promises to fulfil a most important political function. If a careful observer were asked the prime reason why our local government so inadequately represented our civilization, he would be apt to find it in the lack of civic pride. The well-to-do citizen of New York does not take shame to himself for the defects of its local government, because he has not the pride in his city from which public spirit and civic patriotism proceed. But in order that we may have civic pride it is necessary that we should have something to be proud of. This is the sentiment of the Municipal Art Society, expressed in its motto, taken from Burke—"If we are to love our country, our country must be lovely." To make New York more beautiful and attractive, to give it municipal possessions to be proud of, is the purpose of the society, and it has adopted a very simple and practicable means to this end in devoting the small annual subscriptions of its members to the bestowal upon the city, at its own cost, of a piece of municipal decoration.

It is an admirable beginning that the society has thus made, and it is plain how extensive a work lies before it. As we have said, the building of the Criminal Courts is not the most promising subject for decoration, though the choice of it was rightly made, and, indeed, was imposed, since it was the only public building available for the purpose at that time. A much better opportunity seems about to be opened. The action of last week in the Legislature indicates that the old City Hall will be secured in its present site, and that the new City Hall, of which the need is indisputable, must be built elsewhere. When it comes to be built, it will open a great field for the Municipal Art Society. In the mean time such a field will be open in making the interior of the old City Hall worthy of its exterior. At present this is far from being the case. In order to make it really available for any municipal use, the building requires some modifications, which of course should be made under the direction of a competent and sensitive designer.

The interior, in fact, was sadly vulgarized by "improvements" undertaken in the time of the TWEED ring, and executed by GARVEY, or some other like-minded political plasterer. It should be restored to its primitive dignity and simplicity, and it will then be found to furnish a congenial field for the labors of the Municipal Art Society. In any case that society has not come into existence before it was urgently needed.

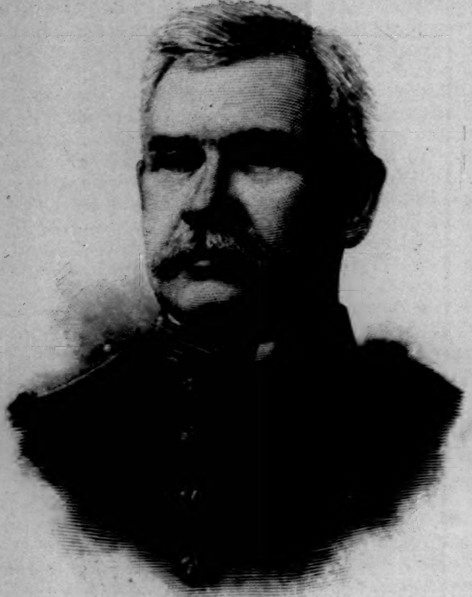
WOMEN AND BUSINESS.

IT is understood that a strong and concerted attack is to be made upon the coming Constitutional Convention of New York in behalf of the female sex, and that body is to be asked, and, in fact, petitions have for some time been in circulation asking it, to recommend that the word "male" shall be stricken from the list of qualifications for voters. This fact gives a special "actuality" to any new disclosure of the talents for affairs of women. One of these that has lately come, not exactly to public knowledge, but to the knowledge of an extended circle of New-Yorkers, is, therefore, very well worth the publicity that has not been sought for it by the persons concerned.

It is very well known that when Mr THEODORE THOMAS betook himself to Chicago, he left a considerable public behind him in New York, and that this public has not been entirely consoled since his departure. As is true of all musical publics, this one consisted largely of women. It was unorganized, and its lack of organization and its failure to do anything to the purpose to keep the conductor in New York were attributed to the incapacity of women for affairs. Some male Chicagoan had taken the businesslike course of passing around a subscription list among other Chicagoans of wealth, of public spirit, and of the male sex, and the guarantee fund for which Mr. THOMAS had vainly waited in New York was provided in Chicago. It was provided with a promptness that illustrated Mr. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER's delightful admonition, when the controversy about the literary supremacy was raging between Boston and New York, that the controversy had best be carried on quietly, because if Chicago should get the notion that literary supremacy was a good thing to have, Chicago would have it in twenty-four hours.

Since then various male New-Yorkers have vaguely mooted the project of securing the return of Mr. THOMAS, and among them have been some of those most practical males, the managers. But nothing was done until a few weeks ago, when two ladies of New York undertook to secure a guarantee that would justify Mr. THOMAS in giving, with the magnificent orchestra which he has assembled and trained in Chicago, three annual seasons of concerts in New York. There was no beating of drums in the newspapers, there was no manager, no fuss, no publicity, no man. We believe that there was an issue of hortatory circulars, but many persons who might have expected to receive these circulars did not receive them. The two ladies in question merely appealed to their acquaintances, and with such success that the subscriptions were some time ago obtained, the Metropolitan Opera-house was "sold" for the three seasons, and the success of the enterprise assured.

If men had taken charge of this enterprise, and had carried it to successful completion, they would have been said to have managed a complicated piece of business in a very businesslike way. The women's organizations of various kinds that are coming into being in increasing numbers seem to manage their business quite as well as like organizations of which the membership is masculine. We are not aware of any one of them that loses anything, in the points of businesslike promptness and efficiency, by comparison with the male Legislature of New York, or with the male Senate of the United States. The petitioners will have a well-fortified case to take to the Constitutional Convention.



REAR-ADMIRAL A. E. K. BENHAM, U. S. N. (RETIRED).

REAR-ADMIRAL FRANCIS M. RAMSAY, U. S. N.
From a Photograph by Zuller, Annapolis.

THE LATE GENERAL HENRY WARNER SLOCUM.
[See Page 390.]

TWO REAR-ADMIRALS.

Rear-Admiral Andrew E. K. Benham, United States Navy, whose retirement, April 10, 1894, results in the promotion of Commodore Ramsay, has had the good fortune to give the country, in the closing hours of his active career, such signal proof of ability, sound judgment, and patriotic zeal as to make all regret the law which terminates such service by the progress of the calendar. His experience in Brazil is further proof of the importance of having our flag represented in all parts of the world by men trained in the only safe school of diplomacy, which is the school of experience. A study of international rights and obligations, and of the best means of enforcing them, is part of the curriculum of the navy officer, and Admiral Benham has shown the results of this training in dealing with a delicate situation. His judgment is sound, his temperament is cool, and under no circumstances of haste or excitement does he lose that mastery of his faculties so essential to the proper conduct of great undertakings.

Admiral Benham was a lad of fifteen when he entered the navy, and he followed the old custom of getting his practical education at sea before entering upon his studies at the Naval Academy. When he entered the academy in 1853 he had already been six years in the service as acting midshipman, receiving his promotion to passed midshipman June 10, 1853. Before our civil war he had seen service in the Pacific squadron, on the Coast Survey, on duty in Brazilian waters, and in the Paraguayan expedition. As lieutenant of the side-wheel steamer *Bienville*, Captain Steedman, he took part in the capture of Port Royal in November, 1861, receiving his promotion to lieutenant-commander the following July. From 1863–5 he commanded the gunboat *Penobscot* in the West Gulf Blockading Squadron.

Since the war Admiral Benham has been in command of the *Susquehanna, Canonicus, Saugus, Portsmouth,* and *Richmond,* on duty as Light-house Inspector, and at the Portsmouth and Mare Island navy-yards, concluding with his command of the South Atlantic station, where he has won such honor for himself. He is a native of the State of New York. He has in the navy a son, Ensign Henry K. Benham, also a native of this State, who is in the tenth year of his service, having been appointed a naval cadet in 1884. Admiral Benham is still a vigorous man, physically and mentally, and, aside from the legislative decree which terminates his active career at sixty-two years of age, there is no reason why he should not continue to do duty, to his own credit and the honor of the country.

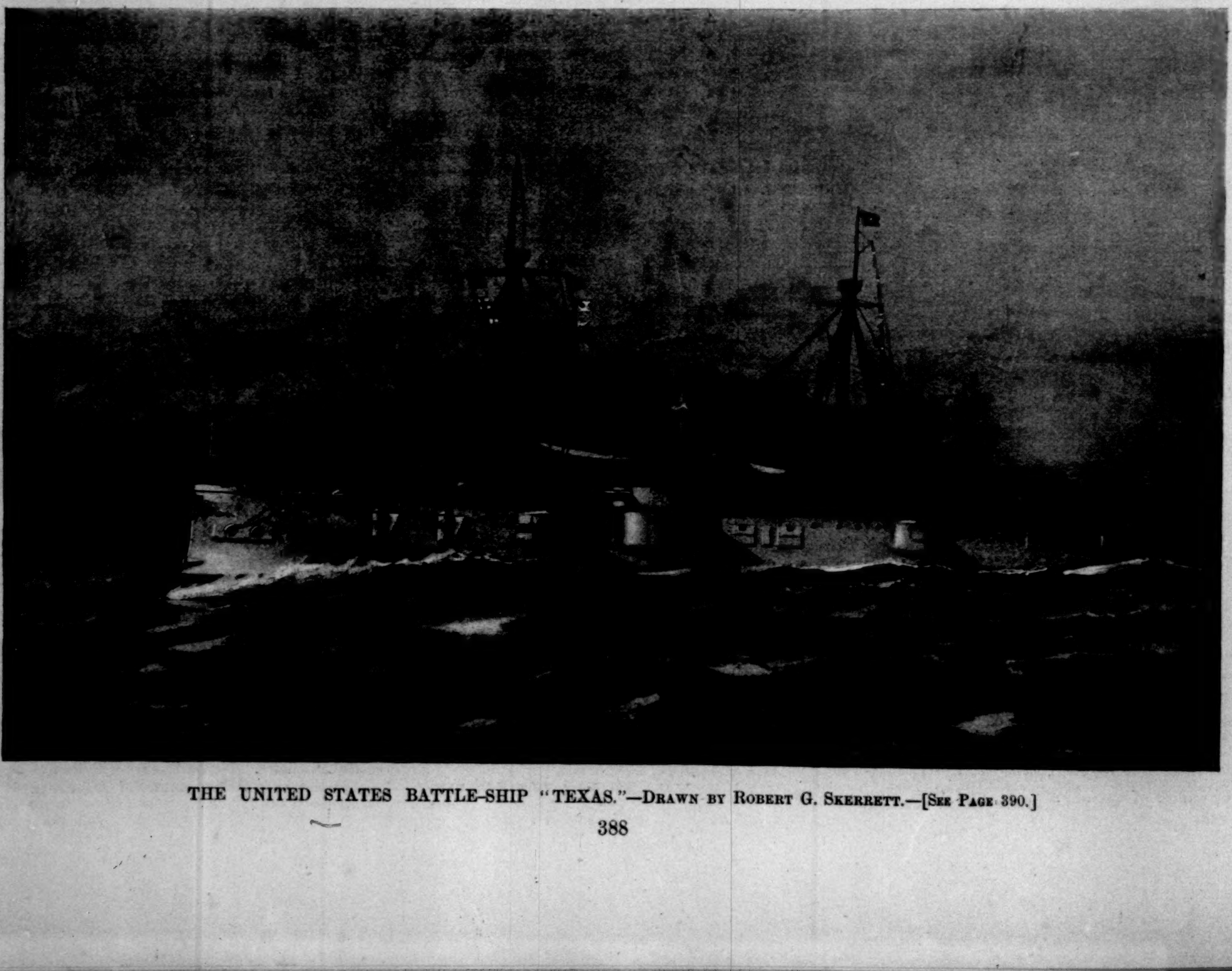
Francis Munroe Ramsay, who on the 10th of April attained the highest rank possible to an officer of the American navy, has, by faithful and distinguished service, established a just title to this honor which comes to him by the slow process of longevity promotion. He has always been what is known in the service as a "duty officer," and during his connection of nearly forty-four years with the navy he has been unemployed for a less period than any officer of the grade of Commodore except Joseph S. Skerrett, who follows next in promotion, and his total service on sea and land exceeds that of any other officer of that grade with this single exception.

Admiral Ramsay entered the navy as a midshipman October 5, 1850, and served during our civil war as Lieutenant and Lieutenant-Commander. He took a conspicuous part in the joint military and naval operations on the Mississippi and in the siege of Vicksburg, where, as General Grant tells us in his *Memoirs,* without the assistance of the navy "the campaign could not have been successfully made with twice the number of men engaged. It could not have been made at all, in the way it was, with any number of men without such assistance." At Haines's Bluff, April 30, 1863, the United States Steamship *Choctaw,* commanded by Ramsay, bore the chief burden of the attack, being struck no less than forty-six times, and a battery of heavy guns mounted on scows under his direction rendered important service by enfilading the enemy's batteries and rifle-pits on Sherman's front. He also took part in the expedition up the Yazoo which did such damage to the Confederacy, and he conducted the naval operations in the Ouachita River, where he had under his command a fleet of six vessels. Later on he distinguished himself in the attack upon Fort Fisher, where he was commended in the official report for "skill, judgment, and bravery." Since the war he has served (with other duty) as Fleet Captain and Chief of Staff on the South Atlantic Squadron, in command of the Torpedo Station at Newport, Rhode Island, as Superintendent of the Naval Academy, and as Chief of the Navy Bureau of Navigation. In these several positions he has added to the reputation he had already acquired as one of the most conscientious and accomplished officers of our navy.

Admiral Ramsay is a marked example of that class of navy officers who appear to elevate the traditions, precedents, and customs of the service to the dignity of a cult. But the rigid and exacting rule of fidelity to professional obligation which he imposes upon others he makes equally binding upon himself. His mind is essentially of a military cast. His father was a soldier, who followed the fortunes of Taylor in Mexico, as Chief of Ordnance upon his staff, and who was retired in 1864 at the head of his corps. Two of the Admiral's brothers have served in our army—one, James G. Ramsay, is now Major of the Third Artillery, and the other died in the service in 1878. The Admiral's wife comes of the military family of the McMahons. Three of her brothers served in the Union army—one died during the war, another fell at the head of his regiment while storming the works at Cold Harbor, and the third, State Senator Martin T. McMahon, resigned from the army, after a distinguished staff service, with the brevet rank of Major-General.

Admiral Ramsay will, if he lives, have three years of service in his present rank, retiring, at the age of sixty-two, on the 5th of April, 1897. He was born in Washington, where his father was so long on duty, and was so well known in religious circles as senior warden of St. John's Church.

William Conant Church.



THE UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "TEXAS."—Drawn by Robert G. Skerrett.—[See Page 390.]

GOLDEN-BEAK.

BY GEORGE BASSETT.

III.

THE pleasures of life are not so hot or so frequent that one can afford to treat lightly the promise of their coming, and I prepared myself to hear the story which I knew Ysonde Potwin had to tell, as thoughtfully as an epicure prepares himself for a feast. For a whole day I let her severely alone, knowing that her theory of life was one of oscillation, and that she would be the more friendly and confidential the day after my abstention. And when the time came, and our chairs extended themselves side by side in a remote corner of the deck, I asked her, directly enough, why all the Japanese on board made so much fuss about her.

"Oh, I can't tell you that!" she exclaimed. "It's a secret, and you know women love secrets!"

"Yes, they love secrets as much as they love their rings," I replied. "But if you keep your diamonds shut up in a little black box at your banker's, you get no joy out of them; and if you don't tell your secrets, you might as well not have any."

"Oh, it wouldn't make you like me any better, if I told you," she said.

"I don't believe the secret is as black as that," I replied. "You know I told you, long ago, that I was too lazy to lose my heart to you, as those other fellows do, and you said we would be frank and loyal shipmates. And if you have secrets from me, I shall hide all sorts of thrilling and tremendous mysteries from you, and see what a loss that would be all around."

"Well," said she, "I suppose I must tell you. It would be rather a relief to tell somebody, and no one knows about it, not even my maid. I'll tell you all about it; but if I find you don't like me any more, and neglect me the rest of the voyage as you did yesterday, it will be real mean of you."

And then, playing with the rings on her soft white fingers, and looking out over the silvered waves of the summer sea, she told me the story of Temehichi.

"Once upon a time, to begin with, I was divorced. I told you that before. And Mr. Potwin went off to Europe or somewhere; and that's the end of him. And I couldn't go to Europe or anywhere, because it was in May, and I had given the lawyers nearly all my money, and I wasn't going to have any more till October. So I took a little flat in San Francisco, and I lived there alone with old Delia, who is here with me now, and whom I am going to send back to America as soon as we get to Japan, and who has been with me ever since I was a little girl, and who is the dearest old woman in the world, only that she will drink too much, sometimes; and when she drinks too much she keens all night because her friends in Ireland are dead. And Delia got an Irish girl to do the house-work and to cook my breakfast in the morning. I always used to go out for lunch and for dinner, it was so much brighter and gayer in the restaurants than being alone at home. And then Delia and the Irish girl quarrelled about Home-Rule, and I got a Swedish girl. She stamped about like a cart-horse, and broke everything she touched, and I couldn't have her any more. And then I thought I'd try a Japanese boy. You know we have a great many Japanese and Chinese boys for servants in San Francisco, more Chinese than Japanese, but this was a Japanese boy. They're always called boys, but they're grown up, you know. He was very quiet and very quick, and got his work done in no time at all; and then he used to sit in the little kitchen and write letters all day; and he was always out at night, nearly. It didn't make any difference to me, as long as his work was done, but Delia used to hear him come in at five o'clock in the morning. She told him once that if he didn't sleep more he'd be sick and die; and he told her people had different ways of sleeping, and that he slept while he was cleaning up the flat. He made beautiful buckwheat cakes, and he didn't care a cent if I had my breakfast one morning at nine o'clock and the next morning at eleven; he never complained the least little bit, and everything was as nice as could be. And one afternoon Charley Hart came to take me down to the Maison Riche for dinner. You know the Maison Riche is one of the French restaurants in San Francisco, and Charley Hart was a great friend of mine. He is in the insurance business, and he plays the banjo splendidly, and he belongs to one of the clubs, and he is a great society man. Well, it was raining so hard that I thought it would be fun to send a messenger-boy out and have something brought in from a restaurant, and have our dinner there. So I told Temehichi—Temehichi was the Japanese boy's name—to call a district messenger and order enough for two. Temehichi asked me what time I wanted it, and I told him in about an hour. We had a lovely dinner, and I found out afterwards that instead of having things from a restaurant, Temehichi had cooked it all himself. He was the handiest human being I ever saw; he could just do anything; so after that, when I was alone, I often used to have my meals at the flat instead of going out; and every one who came to see me said there never was such a boy as Temehichi. You see, I have a lot of gentlemen friends in San Francisco. They used to be Mr. Potwin's friends, but they all took my side about the divorce, and they used to come to see me all the time. But Charley Hart came oftener than any of the others. If you knew anything about San Francisco you'd understand it better, because everybody there knows him. You see, he is such a society favorite, and yet he is lonesome after all. He always leads the german everywhere; and when any of the rich people want to give a big party, they get Charley to come and arrange everything. He knows whom to ask and whom to leave out, and all about ordering the supper and the music; and he has had lots of lovely things given him by people he has been nice to in that way. One of them gave him an elegant gold watch with his monogram on it in diamonds. And when a young lady first goes into society in San Francisco, if he isn't on her side she can't do anything at all. He is asked out to dine nearly every night, and of course it all helps him in his business, because he is agent for both life and fire companies, and lots of people who are trying to get into society do their insuring through him. Well, everybody thinks he has such a lovely time, but he isn't so very happy after all. He is nearly forty now; and last fall he began to get so fat that it was awful for him to have to dance. But of course it wouldn't do for him not to dance, so he had to go without eating lots of things he likes. And whenever there happened to be an evening when he wasn't asked to a dinner party anywhere, it was awfully stupid for him, because he hasn't any real friends—they are all society friends—so he got into the way of coming to see me a great deal. We would go to dine together somewhere, and perhaps go to the theatre afterwards. He can always have seats at any theatre he wants, because the managers like to have him go to see all the new attractions, he's such a society man. And then, after the theatre, we would go up on the car together to my flat, and sit down and eat pickled limes and lady-fingers: that's about the only thing he can eat for supper. And then he would sit and play on the banjo, and tell me what he had been doing the night before, for ever so long. Of course going to so many parties he had got into the way of staying up late, and I never used to think anything of his being there till one o'clock.

"HE WOULD SIT AND PLAY ON THE BANJO."

"Well, then, you see, one Monday about three months ago one of the most prominent men in San Francisco died, and it just so happened that different people who were going to give parties or have companies to dinner Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday were all distant relations of his, or else were so much connected with him in their business, through the railroad or something like that, that everything had to be postponed, and that there were hardly any theatre-parties either. So that all Charley's engagements were broken off; and instead of only getting orchestra seats, he had proscenium boxes given to him for two different theatres—one for Tuesday night and one for Wednesday night. We went out to dinner together both nights, and then to the theatre afterwards; and Thursday night I said I was tired going out, and I got Temehichi to cook dinner for us at the flat. And Charley brought up a lot of new songs, and after dinner he played his banjo, and I played my hired upright, and we sang and had lots of fun, and he staid awfully late. I told him he was silly not to go home, because he was at so many parties he ought to be glad to go to bed early when he got the chance. But he said he wasn't a bit sleepy, and I don't know what time it was when he went home at last; but it was ridiculous of him to stay so long, anyhow. When I went to let him out, I saw that the kitchen door was ajar and the gas was burning; so I knew Temehichi, instead of going out that night, must have staid there writing his letters. And then I went to bed, humming over to myself one of the songs Charley and I had been learning. I should think I must have been asleep about an hour, and then I heard a noise in my room that woke me up. I always turn the gas down low when I go to bed, but it was turned on full now, and there in the middle of the room, right near the corner of my bed, stood Temehichi, dressed in a magnificent Japanese costume, embroidered all over with dragons and snakes. And fastened in his belt there were two curved scabbards for swords, but the swords were not in them. He had one in each hand, great long crooked swords. He looked just like one of the pictures of ancient Japanese soldiers that you see on a fan. At first I thought I must be dreaming, and I was noticing how beautifully his things were embroidered, when he took a step nearer to me, and said:

"'*You bad woman; now you die!*'

"It was so much like a crazy kind of a dream that at first I wasn't frightened at all. If a man had come in there with a revolver, I suppose I'd have screamed; but this was so different from anything I ever thought could happen to me, that I couldn't realize it enough to be scared. I didn't say anything—just lay there without taking my head off the pillow, and he said over again, very slowly:

"'*You bad woman; now you die!*'

"And he rattled together the two swords like a man sharpening knives. That woke me up more, but I didn't say a word, I just looked at him in a stupid kind of way, thinking all the while how splendid his Japanese things were. And then he made a long speech, not in as good English as he used to speak when he wasn't excited, and his eyes looked as if he were out of his head, but every other way he was quiet enough, only you could see he was awfully angry. I can remember every word of it, nearly, just the way he said it.

"'Yes, you bad woman,' he began. 'I thought you good woman, but to-night your Charley-dog he stay too late. You think I only a common servant-boy, you bad woman! Now I tell you who I am. My people all *daimio*, what you call princes. I belong Tokugawa family. Tokugawa Iyeyasu was my fifteen times grandfather, and he was *shogun*, what you call king, three hundred years before now. All my people kings or brothers of kings. Then you born. Very year you born everything in Japan change. Just to-day I ask Delia how old you are—you born same day Tokugawa soldiers lose Wakamatsu Castle. Since that war all Japan change—no more *shoguns* now; all government different. Hundred years ago, priests say some day beautiful white bird be born with Gold Beak, and that day Tokugawa kings end. You that bird with Gold Beak—bad woman! When you born you bring trouble my people—but that not enough for you—Gold Beak! You listen: I speak your dog-English very slow—I remember all I learn at school. Tokugawa people great people, every way—great when they fight, great when they make *uta* poems, great when they try to learn. Now I speak slow, like a dog-English book, and you listen every word I say—for you never hear anybody else talk any more. Listen, Gold Beak—listen both your ears! My grandfather was not *shogun*—*shogun's* brother, and when revolution come he was killed, and my father had to go north—what we call Yezo—very wild island, where very poor wild people live—what we call Ainos—people all hairy like bears, and very cruel. My father so kind, so good, so brave, all the Ainos learn to love him, and he live there quiet. For long time I was hidden—for I was born wartime, Gold Beak, three months before you, and my mother was afraid Satsuma people kill me if they find me. But by-and-by my father send for me to come to him in Yezo—and he bring me up to be strong. He teach me to use a sword, he give me these swords here, swords of my family, same swords that will now cut off head of Bird with Golden Beak. When I am older my father say to me: "*You see that mountain, Komaga-take, all snow, snow up to shoulders? Our family is like that mountain—under snow. The mikado sees the snow, and he says: 'Very cold, very cold! Tokugawa people all under snow—like last spring cherry blossoms.' Then he laughs. But look again, my boy. If you go up through snow to top of mountain, you find there small ponds of boiling water, and if you step too hard the ground gives way, and you go through where all inside mountain is fire. Sometimes top of mountain opens, and all hot stones and all hot things fly out, and the snow is all steam, and people in villages at the foot of the mountain—who laugh when they look at the snow—are all killed. Tokugawa family same way: we lie cold now, snow over us, but still have fire at heart—and some day the mikado and the Satsuma people and the Choshiu people, and the Tosa*

"YOU BAD WOMAN!"

people all find the snow can change to steam very quick—and they see old Tokugawa swords swing again. But you must learn, my boy. Japan is full of new ways—European ways—dog-ways. I hate those ways, and you must hate them—but you must learn them. I am going to send you far from Japan, where you learn a new language—dog-language—where you learn all the Choshiu and the Satsuma people learn; and when you have learned all this—you and all the others who had daimio fathers—some day there come another war, and some day another Tokugawa shogun have Japan."

"'That is how my father talked to me, Golden Beak—that is why I came to America. I came alone with one servant—his grandfathers had been the servants of my grandfathers for three hundred years. I went to your schools, I learned your dog-language. I can speak your English when I speak slowly—plenty of it. But you die—bad woman! We are all alone—I tell you all my story very slowly—so you see I can speak your English. After the schools I go to Washington. I study law, to learn how English laws, American laws, dog-laws, are made—and then I had no more money, and my father was dead. But I wanted not to go back to Japan. I wanted to learn more; I said I stay here until I go back with my two swords in my hands. I left Washington; I come here San Francisco. I find it very hard to live here. My old servant could carve out of the wood, and he carve the wood to keep us alive, then he die. Now listen—bad woman! You think because I am your servant that I am nothing here. You say: "In Japan maybe so his people great people—but here he no money, no friends—he nobody." Big mistake, Golden Beak—big mistake. I have friends, good many hundreds, Japanese friends, who love me and believe in me—and believe that before my hair is gray I perhaps be *shogun*. We are a few hundreds in your dog-town here, together in a club—we are many thousands in Japan. We don't speak yet—we only whisper. But some day we speak, and all Japan will hear—mikado will hear—Satsuma people will hear—all will hear—and *shoguns* will rule Japan again. All those others in this club here, they poor boys like me—but in Japan we have for our side people who have some money left, after the mikado and the Choshiu people and the Tosa people and the Satsuma people have robbed them. They still have money, and they offer me money. They say: "Sons of Tokugawa no work like coolies; you must not sweep a floor—we give you all you need." I say: "No. A son of Tokugawa will sweep a floor, but no son of Tokugawa will let you give him food when he is poor. When he is a great man, then, yes, you shall give it to him, and he will have it; but now—never!" So you see, Golden Beak, I sweep your floor, I clean the mat where dog-Charley wipes his feet—and you laugh. You laugh, all of you. You say: "Oh, very clean; oh, very good boy." But the snow is only on the skin of Komaga-take. When Charley-dog have dinner here, I spit in his soup. You think I am a broom; you think I am an iron to stir the fire with; but all the while I am a man, Golden Beak, and all the while you are a woman. And I love you, bad woman! One day you left your door open—I see you with your hair all down your breast, and I see your breast under your hair—bad woman! After that I often stand at your door. I think you know it all the time—bad woman! I think you laugh; I think you say: "Poor Japanese boy, he look at me; he may look—he not a man, he only a broom, an iron to stir the fire with." And every time I look I love you more, bad woman! And now it is Charley-dog who looks at your hair all down your breast, and you no laugh at him. I know, Golden Beak, he stay too late to-night. And now you die! I think you don't have much religion, even your dog-religion. You sleep all the Sunday morning, you don't go to church. But all you dog-Christians very religious when you going to die. If you want to be religious now—bad woman!—you make a prayer; you never make another.'

"That was what the boy said to me, standing there dressed in the embroidered robes of a Japanese nobleman, and with his two swords in his hands. Of course I was scared. Anybody would have been, let alone me. But as soon as the boy told me that he was in love with me, and I remembered that I sometimes had seen him hanging around my door, I wasn't so much scared. When a man is in love with you he's a fool. That is what I always think. He will threaten to murder you, and he will do all sorts of awful things, but you can manage him. And I was sure that I could manage Temehichi. I told him he must be crazy. I told him that Charley Hart and I were very good friends, and that was all; and that if Charley had staid later than usual that night, it was only because we had a lot of new songs to learn. And I told him that if he was to be a great man and a great soldier, it was a poor way for him to begin by killing a helpless woman. And I told him that he ought to have let me know his story long before, and have let me try to be his friend. He stood quite still for a long time, looking at the blue edges of the swords, and then he said to me:

"'Bad woman, if I let you live, would you try to be good?'

"I said I didn't think I had been very bad, but that of course I would try to be good if he would not murder me.

"'After you have got to be a good woman, will you love me?' said he.

"I told him that I didn't know, that he couldn't expect to make me love him by threatening to chop my head off, that he must wait and see.

"Finally he said he would not kill me that night, he would wait, and that if I would be a good woman he would marry me, and when he went back to Japan, and the revolution came, and he was a great man, I should be his wife. And he told me that he knew he was doing wrong, that it had been his father's idea that when the new government was established all foreigners should be driven out of Japan, and that for him to have a foreign consort when he was made *shogun* would be very inconsistent. But he hoped, he said, that if I tried hard I could grow to become almost like a Japanese. And then he made me a low bow, put his swords back in his scabbards, and marched out of the room.

"When I got up the next morning he cooked my breakfast for me as usual, and then I went down to Charley Hart's office to ask him what I had better do. He was awfully frightened, and said that if I didn't complain to the police and have Temehichi locked up we would both probably be killed. But I told him that I couldn't do that—that it would make an awful scandal, and people would say all sorts of things about me and about him, and that anyhow I wouldn't do it. I said that as long as I didn't allow my friends to stay too late in the evening, I didn't believe the boy would murder me or give me any more trouble, and that it was all his fault for having staid so late, anyway. Charley said:

"'All right, have your own way about it, but I am never going up to your flat again while you have that raving maniac there.'

"And he didn't; he was frightened nearly to death. Well, for a month or so Temehichi never said a word to me except about his work. I didn't know whether to believe his story or to think that he was out of his head. And about that time I began to get awfully tired of San Francisco. I had given one of my friends who was on the Stock Exchange three hundred and fifty dollars to speculate with for me, and he had been so lucky with it that I made up my mind that I would go off to Europe. And then I thought how much I would like to take a trip around the world, and I thought that if I went by the way of Japan I would stop there for a while, and see what kind of a place it was. I sort of half believed what Temehichi had told me. It sounded kind of crazy, but with his Japanese dress and his swords and all that, he really seemed to be somebody very wonderful. And, anyhow, I thought I would speak to him about it. So one morning I told him that I had made up my mind to go to Japan and see what kind of a country it was, and see if I would like to live there, and that in the mean time he and his friends could go on getting ready their revolution. Then he asked me if I really loved him, and was going to marry him, and I told him it was too early to talk about that, because I didn't know until I had seen Japan whether I could turn myself into a Japanese or not. So then he said that when I got to Japan the members of his Reactionary Society would do everything in the world for me, and that I should see what a lot of power he really had. Of course I don't know how much of all his talk is nonsense, but, anyhow, I know that all the Japanese on the steamer are as sweet as pie to me, and wait on me hand and foot. The only thing I don't like about it is that he seems to have arranged things so that I can't talk to a man five minutes without one of his Japanese coming sneaking up to see what is going on."

"'I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT,' REPLIED MRS. POTWIN."

"But surely," said I, "my dear Mrs. Potwin, you don't mean to tell me that every Jap on the ship belongs to this wonderful society, and takes his orders from your friend Temehichi?"

"I don't know anything about that," replied Mrs. Potwin, "but perhaps those who are not in it are afraid of those who are—and that is why it is that they all look after me so much."

This, then, was the secret which had perplexed the purser, and as I said good-night to Mrs. Potwin, I had an eye over my shoulder to see if any of the Japanese were watching us. But so far as I could see we were not observed.

The whole story was wild and fantastic, and yet I couldn't for the moment make up my mind altogether to disbelieve it. I was, at any rate, enough interested to wonder very much what the Beautiful Bird with the Golden Beak would do in Japan.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "TEXAS."

THE history of this vessel is particularly interesting in two respects: first, because she represents the first battle-ship begun under the present régime of reconstruction; and second, because she has been built from plans purchased from the Barrow Ship-building Company, of England, at a price of $15,000, after competition amongst naval architects here and abroad; and, for the fact of her foreign origin, will always be a subject of lasting contrast to our later battle-ships of domestic design.

She is of the belted type, having a broadside water-line protection to her machinery and other vitals consisting of a band of Harveyized nickel-steel armor twelve inches thick and six feet wide—two above and four below the water-line—running amidships for a distance of one hundred and fourteen feet. On top of this armor, which is countersunk in a shelf, rests a protective deck of steel two inches thick, which is continued beyond and slopes toward the bow and stern respectively, meeting the extremities beneath the load-line. The ends of the broadside armor are protected by flanking plates of six-inch steel, turned inboard diagonally, and helping to support the sloping decks, at the same time shielding the ship from a fore-and-aft fire. The side armor is backed, in addition to the actual skin-plating, which at that part of the ship is one and a quarter inches thick, by six inches of yellow pine; and the boilers and engines are further guarded by a wall of coal about six feet wide. The ship is built with a double bottom, and has the usual cellular subdivisions, which are under the control of an extensive pumping plant.

DECK PLAN OF THE "TEXAS."

The principal dimensions and general features are: Length on load water-line, 301 feet 4 inches; breadth, extreme, 64 feet 1 inch; mean draught, 22 feet 6 inches; displacement, 6300 tons; maximum indicated horse-power, estimated, 8000; speed in knots an hour, estimated, 17; coal-bunker capacity, 850 tons.

The craft's main battery will consist of two 12-inch breech-loading rifles, disposed in two turrets of nickel-steel twelve inches thick, placed *en échelon* on the upper deck and supported on an armored redoubt of the same thickness, which runs diagonally across the ship like a continuous band around two pulleys, and of six 6-inch breech-loading rifles. The 12-inch guns will have a complete broadside train, each on its own side, while the forward gun will have an arc of fire of forty degrees, and the after gun an arc of fire of seventy degrees on the opposite sides. Two 6-inch rifles, one forward and one aft, will be placed on the upper deck under the flying-bridges, each having a train of one hundred and twenty degrees. The four remaining 6-inch rifles are mounted in armored sponsons on the main-deck. The secondary battery will consist of twelve 6-pounder and six 1-pounder rapid-fire guns, four 37-mm. Hotchkiss revolving cannon, and two Gatling guns. These guns are carried on the main-deck, the flying-bridges, and in the military tops, and are to repel torpedo-boats and to tear away light armor and to sweep exposed positions. Torpedo-launching apparatus will be fitted in the bow, the stern, and one place on each broadside; and in addition to that the torpedo outfit will be augmented by two torpedo-boats of the most modern design and equipment. The vessel will be driven by two screws, each propelled by a separate triple-expansion engine, steam being provided by four large double-ended boilers, to have a working pressure of one hundred and fifty pounds, each boiler and each set of engines being in a separate water-tight compartment. The conning-tower, of nickel-steel nine inches thick, is nearly amidships and between the two turrets; and from that central position the commanding officer will fight his ship. The ship will be lighted electrically, and four large search-lights, two on each of the flying-bridges forward and aft, will enable the ship to sweep the horizon for miles around and to guard against surprise. A system of artificial ventilation will supply fresh air to the innermost parts of the ship, no matter what the stress of weather, and a system of exhaust will draw foul gases from the coal-bunkers and secret recesses. The delayed completion of this vessel has contributed to make her a better craft in some particulars than first designed, but essentially she remains as contemplated in the English plans.

The machinery has been built by the Richmond Locomotive-Works, of Richmond, Virginia, the contract price of $634,500 including both construction and installation; and a premium of $100 is offered for every horse-power developed beyond that required by the contract—a like reduction to be made in case of failure.

The ship's keel was laid in June of 1889, and three years later the vessel was launched. She is the first ship built at the Norfolk Navy-Yard since the war, and being an armored craft, her kind is singularly suggestive of the historic *Merrimac.*

R. G. S.

GENERAL HENRY WARNER SLOCUM.

GENERAL HENRY WARNER SLOCUM, best known to the world as the victorious commander of the left wing of the great army that plunged through the heart of the Confederacy "from Atlanta to the sea," died at his home in the city of Brooklyn at two o'clock on the morning of Saturday, April 14th. He was the most notable of the remaining chief figures of the great war.

Sherman, Grant, Sheridan, Hancock, Logan—he has gone to join them. More years would have led to loneliness, for the men who commanded him or who obeyed his voice in the heroic times when the fate of the Union was in the balance are few among the living now.

General Slocum's greatest feat was his victory over Joe Johnston's army at the battle of Bentonville. With the men under his command he engaged Johnston's whole force, and almost destroyed it, after a terrific stand-up fight, in which Slocum showed his most characteristic quality—tenacity.

This tenacity Slocum displayed all through the war. He vainly urged McClellan to renew the drawn battle of Antietam; he advised Meade to attack Lee on the morning after the second day at Gettysburg. Soldiers who now review the battle say that had Slocum's advice been adopted the war would have ended in thirty days, as Lee must have surrendered, his soldiers having only three rounds of ammunition remaining.

At Gettysburg it fell to the lot of Slocum to defend Culp's Hill on the second day of the fight. He had marched his men thirty-four miles, but brought them up in excellent order. The manœuvrings of the troops by General Greene under command of Slocum were so masterly that Ewell, who commanded the opposing Southerners, was completely deceived as to the numbers against him. Slocum's hastily erected earth-works on Culp's Hill were among the factors of victory.

Slocum was rather the chess-player than the dashing headlong leader, a slim, trim, eagle-eyed, watchful man of less than medium stature. He was a West-Pointer, and a good one. But for Slocum, so Sheridan said, Sheridan would never have gone through West Point; so the Union owes Sheridan to Slocum to at least that extent. He was a student well versed in the lore of campaigns, ancient and modern. He was a disciplinarian who shot his deserters early enough in the morning to prevent interference from Washington. He had his staff under perfect control, each man with definite duties assigned to him, and he saw that the duties were performed. No superior ever complained that Slocum was dilatory or disobedient, and he had no complaints to make of those under him. He obeyed orders perfectly; he saw that his own orders were perfectly obeyed. Generally he was as quiet as he was tenacious, though he was entirely capable of expressing his feelings in the somewhat turbid language which prevails on battle-fields. His

only departure from his rule of complete submission to his superiors was after the battle of Chancellorsville. He then favored the subordinate generals' taking the command from Hooker.

Slocum was a warrior only during the war-time. He couldn't stand the monotony of a soldier's life in time of peace. After his graduation from West Point he had a campaign against the Seminole Indians. Then he settled down at Fort Moultrie. He did not like idleness, read law, left the army, and when the war broke out he was living at Syracuse, New York, and was Treasurer of Onondaga County. He marched to the front as Colonel of the Twenty-seventh New York Volunteers. He was in all the early battles of the Army of the Potomac, and was severely wounded at the first Bull Run.

When the war was over, Slocum immediately entered civil life again. The modesty and reticence which prevented him from criticising superiors or questioning their orders also prevented him from becoming a show soldier in time of peace. The presence of Sherman, Grant, or Sheridan, or all of them, was necessary to secure Slocum at any reminiscently military function. He had no sympathy with the blatant warriors of peace-time. The pension frauds excited his ire, and he was urgent in his support of Cleveland's attempt to purge the roll.

New York State was always the home of General Slocum. He was born at Delphi, in this State, on September 24, 1827. To Syracuse he went back after his first experience of soldiering was done; in Brooklyn he settled after the stamping out of the rebellion.

Brooklyn of the present generation knew him as a short stout old man, with a mane of white hair, strong gray eyes, a Roman nose, and a firm mouth. He made money, showing the same quiet tenacity in business that he had displayed in war. At his death he was chief owner of several Brooklyn horse-car lines, and largely interested in other corporations. His mansion is one of the most modest on Clinton Avenue.

In politics General Slocum had that ill success which seems almost invariable for famous military men. His very loyalty induced him to cling to his friends and to support those who had supported him. On one occasion this made him favor Hill as against Cleveland. Afterward they were reconciled. Though having the experience of a legislator and Congressman at Large, Slocum was not deeply versed in the wiles of politics. He was not a successful machine-builder; he had not the ability to crawl, and he quite often voiced offensive truths.

At the beginning of his last illness Slocum announced positively that death was near. He added, "I'm ready; the world owes me nothing."

There is a story told, by those who know, of a night when Colonel Calvin E. Pratt—afterward general, now judge of the Supreme Court—stumbled into Slocum's tent, drenched from head to foot with his own blood, having come two days' march from the Gaines Mill battle-field, where he had been left for dead. Slocum was asleep, but hearing that he had had nothing to eat for thirty-six hours, Pratt woke him and tendered him some French soup put up in a metal phial that gave up its contents when squeezed. Slocum did not recognize the exceedingly grim-looking angel of mercy, but he took the soup, and afterwards said that though by waking he had left a wonderful banquet, of which he had been dreaming, that soup was well worth the loss of the delusion.

This is only one of many instances of hardship, for it is a man who was often very tired that his country might have rest who himself is resting now. SYDNEY REID.

THE LATIN PLAY AT HARVARD.

THE revival of the Greek and Latin drama appears likely to become as popular in this country as it already is in England. Following the really splendid representation of the *Oedipus Tyrannus* at Harvard University in 1881, came a Greek comedy by Aristophanes—the *Acharnians*—given in Philadelphia and New York by students of the University of Pennsylvania. In 1890 the *Captivi* of Plautus was acted with great spirit and truth by the undergraduates of St. Francis Xavier's College in this city, and repeated by them at Chicago during the World's Fair. Students of Vassar brought out the *Antigone* of Sophocles last May, and now Harvard has successfully placed upon the stage of her university theatre the *Phormio* of Terence.

In England, since the time of Henry VIII., the ancient drama, and especially the ancient Roman drama, has been revived again and again. It was long the custom at both the great universities to entertain the sovereign who might happen to visit them with a Latin play; and at the famous Westminster School the students for many years have annually represented at Christmas-time a comedy of Terence, with original prologues and epilogues written for the occasion, and abounding in allusions to topics of the day. The history of the English drama itself has been somewhat influenced by the early popularity of certain Latin plays; for the first English comedy, *Ralph Roister Doister*, is really only a free adaptation from Plautus, whose *Menæchmi* suggested to Shakespeare the *Comedy of Errors*.

It is not probable that we shall soon see another Latin play represented with so few glaring anachronisms and with such general completeness of detail as characterized the rendering of the *Phormio* at Harvard last week. In the first place, the university theatre (Sanders Theatre), like the Sheldonian at Oxford, in several important respects resembles the theatres which the Romans built soon after the time of Terence. It has the low stage, with a permanent back wall decorated with carvings, the arms of the university, and a Latin inscription. The seats for the audience are benches, not chairs, and they slope up from the orchestra in wedges with stairs between them. The scenery, especially made for this play, like that in the Roman theatres, covers only the lower part of the back wall. A music-loft, projecting from the wall and overhanging the stage, suggests the roof which covered the stage in the ancient theatres. The curtain, as at Rome, is dropped, not raised. In many other details Roman usage was either literally followed, or so cleverly suggested as to give the necessary illusion. The actors, thirteen in number (exclusive of the speaker of the Prologue), wore no masks, for in the time of Terence masks had not yet been generally introduced at Rome, as is shown by a passage in the *Phormio* itself. The costuming was a correct reproduction of the conventional garments worn by the Roman actors. One very interesting feature of the play was the music, which, though not actually imitating the peculiarities of the Roman, was quite successful in suggesting them. On the ancient stage stood a flute-player (*tibicen*) with a double pipe, to accompany the actors, both when they declaimed and when they sang. At Harvard a dummy *tibicen* stood in sight of the audience, but the actual music was rendered by four concealed musicians—two clarinets, an oboe, and a bassoon. The music followed the rhythm of the verses, and in the *cantica*, or parts that in the ancient theatre would have been actually sang, the accompaniment was marked by a fuller and richer melody. Two *tibicines* performed, or appeared to perform, between the acts. Their music, composed by Professor F. D. Allen, while, as already said, it was not a reproduction of ancient airs, had more of the quality of the Græco-Roman music than has been the case with the far too modern harmonies that have on like occasions gratified the uncritical part of the audience at the expense of archæological truth.

Roman custom was further followed in selecting for the first representation of this play a holiday, the newly established Patriots' day, in honor of the battles of Concord and Lexington, and described in the Latin programme as *Dies Concordiensis*. The posters of the play were also in Latin, copied in form and lettering from similar advertisements at Pompeii, and the *tesseræ*, or tickets, were in their wording equally suggestive of classical antiquity. A handsome libretto containing Dziatzko's text of the *Phormio*, and a translation into English by Dr. Morris H. Morgan, was prepared by the Latin Department of the university. In it a new Prologue in easy, graceful Latin by Professor J. B. Greenough takes the place of the original Prologue by Terence. Dr. Morgan's translation is an admirable specimen of English, faithful to the original, spirited, idiomatic, and with an occasional touch of modern slang that gives a picturesque coloring to the dialogue; though here and there the mistake is made of introducing turns of phrase that are too exclusively local. When *homo suavis* is translated "Oh, you sweety!" and the classic *hercle* finds a rendering in the peculiarly down-East adjuration "By cracky!" one has a disquieting impression that Phormio and Geta may have been denizens of Chicopee or North Sudbury, and that their Roman setting is a sham; while "unbeknownst" is too emphatically Hibernian to stand gracefully for *clanculum*. Bound up with the libretto are twenty-six reproductions of the miniatures in a tenth-century MS. of Terence, now in the Vatican, and photographed expressly for the Harvard classical department by permission of the Pope. A Latin programme of the play was separately furnished to the spectators, bearing on its first page a set of Latin elegiacs in honor of the heroes of Lexington and Concord, and on the back an address in hendecasyllabics from the *grex* to the audience.

The gathering on the evening of April 19th was admirably representative of the highest culture of the whole country. In the semicircular orchestra, where in the Roman theatre the Senators had their seats, were placed the most distinguished guests of the university. Behind them, corresponding with the *quattuordecim ordines* reserved by the Roscian law for the Roman knights, sat the great body of classical professors and instructors from various colleges and universities. In the gallery—and the existence of a gallery was one of the few breaks in the general coincidence with Roman usage—was gathered a brilliant company of spectators. The first few lines of the Prologue gave immediate evidence of the care and minute elaboration that had been devoted to the play. The Roman pronunciation, with all its phonetic niceties and with a fair regard to the quantity of the vowels, charmed the critical ears of the listening scholars, and made the illusion of the scene complete. The trilled r's, the true sounds of the c's and g's and v's, and especially the accurate metrical swing given to even the most difficult lines, were all delightful. The observance of the natural quantities was rather uneven, and more attention might well have been paid to this point in the drilling of the men; but, on the whole, the effect was good. One purely technical matter may be mentioned as that which excited the most comment. Many Latinists were exceedingly curious to see whether or not the vowels would be elided by the actors in their delivery of the lines—a much-debated point—and it may be worth while to note that this was, in fact, done.

The acting was excellent throughout. The plays of Terence require far more histrionic ability in their presentation than those of Plautus, in that there is far less action in them; but the *Phormio* is something of an exception to the general rule, and its possibilities were thoroughly well brought out. The chief honors were carried off by the actors who sustained the most difficult parts—by Mr. Edward Kennard Rand, who was cast for Phormio, the impudent and amusing parasite who gives his name to the play; and Mr. George R. Noyes, who took the part of Geta, the time-serving slave. Mr. Noyes's make-up was the best of any, his face being artfully treated with grease paint so as to suggest a mask without being unduly exaggerated. The feminine make-up of Mr. W. K. Brice as Nausistrata, a wealthy Roman matron, the formidable wife of Chremes, was also very good. The performance lasted a little over two hours, and at the end the enthusiastic audience called out all the actors, and then demanded the appearance of Professors Allen, Greenough, and Morgan, to whose untiring efforts the success of the play was so largely due. One who has never undertaken such a piece of work cannot properly appreciate the infinite pains bestowed upon every detail. The actual preparation began in October of last year, and continued without intermission up to the day of the performance. Harvard is to be congratulated on the admirable result of all this labor—a result that must inevitably arouse new interest in the study of ancient life and manners, besides conferring honor upon the classical scholarship of our country.

HARRY THURSTON PECK.

THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

XV.—UNIQUE EXPERIENCE ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

IN some way the conversation had drifted around to the subject of college education.

"No one," said Jackson Peters, "can esteem college training higher than I do, but it's a fact, nevertheless, that a man can acquire a liberal education by keeping his ears open. For instance, a month ago, when I was in Chicago, a man at the hotel told me of an interesting fact which, I presume, has never penetrated the school-rooms. He lived on the north shore of Lake Superior, near Frontenac River, a stream about sixty miles long. Last winter this river froze solidly to the bottom.

"Water, as you know, expands about one-eleventh of its bulk when it freezes. Now, the lake being frozen also, this river could not expand in that direction, consequently the expansion all went in the other, and its head-waters pushed out on the prairie between five and six miles, and lie there yet, slowly melting in the spring sun, an average of sixty feet wide and twenty feet high."

"Jackson," said Jones, with considerable vigor, "the fellow imposed on you. I know that Frontenac River. I spent two winters on the north shore, and the idea of the sharp end of that stream shoving out across the country like an animated icicle is absurd. Of course it freezes to the bottom, and of course it expands, but the spring which forms its source is under a high hill, consequently that river cannot snake itself over the prairie on its stomach, however much it may want to. What it does do when it freezes and expands is to hump itself up like a satchel handle and stand all winter with its back two hundred feet in the air. In this condition it makes the finest toboggan slide I ever saw, and it shines like a frozen rainbow."

"Maybe the man did impose on me," said Jackson Peters, in a sarcastic tone. "I am young. But I am glad that I have got back among friends who will respect my innocence and guilelessness."

"You spent some time in the Superior country, eh?" observed Robinson, as a diplomatic way out of the threatened trouble.

"Four or five years," answered Jones, carelessly. "Part of it on the south shore, however. It's a cold country. Prime Kentucky whiskey from December to March has the appearance of maple sugar. I had a trading-post one winter on Isle Royale. One night wolves attacked me. I soon exhausted my supply of bullets, and certainly would have been devoured had I not bethought me to break a dozen thermometers and use the congealed mercury in the bulbs for rifle-balls."

"You must have had many other interesting experiences," said Smith, encouragingly.

"Oh, life there had its passing incidents, of course, though, on the whole, it was monotonous. One winter I carried the mail from Marquette to Copper Harbor, Keweenaw Point, both on the Michigan peninsula. They are about sixty miles apart, and I drove the entire distance on Lake Superior. There was no snow that winter, and the ice was from three to four feet thick. I used to start before sunrise, as it was a long drive.

"But, after all, it was less formidable than it would seem, as the ice was smooth as glass, and I used a light cutter with thin runners, and carried usually only one or two mail-sacks and half a dozen small express packages. My best horse, and the one I drove the most, was named Lightning Streak. He was a tall, powerful, long-legged beast, a good trotter, and remarkably intelligent.

"It was an exceptionally cold winter, the mercury making but few and timid excursions above zero. One morning in the latter part of January I started as usual from Marquette, intending to make the return trip the next day. But I was not feeling as well as usual, having sat up the entire night working on a new invention, an improved night-latch for club-men and diners-out, in which the key protruded three or four inches from the door, the user carrying the hole in his pocket, and readily slipping it over the key even after the most enjoyable dinner. I soon found myself very sleepy.

"There was a fresh west wind and the air was cold, but the sky was perfectly clear. My road lay straight to the northwest, and though it consisted of a mere scratch on the glare ice, I did not doubt the ability of the Streak to follow it. Accordingly, just as the sun rose, making quivering diamonds of the dancing frost crystals in the air, I snuggled down in my furs and went sound to sleep.

"My intention was to take a nap of a couple of hours, but what was my astonishment when I awoke and discovered that it was three o'clock in the afternoon. I looked forward for the headland of Keweenaw Point, but was dumfounded not to find it. Nor was land anywhere in sight; and I soon discovered that I was off the road and travelling rapidly somewhat east of north.

"The whole thing flashed upon me. The intelligent animal, not liking to face the cold wind, had borne off to the right and carried me all day as fast as he could go toward the British possessions. I brought the valuable beast to a stop and considered the situation.

"I own, gentlemen, that the prospect did not please me. The thermometer on my dash-board showed twenty degrees below zero, and as I stood there the wind freshened and veered to the northwest. I knew the mercury would sink twenty degrees lower before morning, and that to remain on the ice all night meant to perish. I estimated that I was fifty miles from the Canadian shore and seventy-five from Copper Harbor, my destination. But the north shore was utterly barren, so I knew that I must make Copper Harbor, and make it before dark, as the sky was becoming overcast and a blizzard threatened. I saw that I had about one hour in which to cover this seventy-five miles.

"There are men, I suppose, who would have despaired; but I faced the problem with resolution.

"I got out of my cutter and patted Lightning Streak encouragingly on the neck. It had just occurred to me that among my parcels of express was a bundle of skates. I broke this open, selected two pairs, and in five minutes had a skate firmly attached to each one of the animal's feet. I got into the cutter hastily, faced him about, gave him a sharp cut with the whip, and we were off.

"Of course he made some awkward motions at first, and nearly fell once or twice; but he soon got control of himself and started like a cannon-ball, leaning forward and reaching out with a long swing which covered one hundred feet at every stride. It was the fastest travelling I ever did behind a horse. Ten minutes after sunset I noticed a speck a half-mile ahead. As we drew nearer I saw that it was an arctic or snowy owl flying some seven or eight feet from the ground in exactly the same direction we were proceeding. This owl, as you know, is one of the most rapid fliers known to ornithologists. As we passed under it I reached up and plucked a single quill from its tail for a memento. I looked back, and I must say that I have seldom seen a more astonished owl.

"We dashed on, the Streak's skates ringing on the ice like the shriek of locomotive whistles. Gentlemen, in precisely one hour to the second I sighted the lights of Copper Harbor, and six minutes later I took off the animal's skates on the beach and proceeded to the post-office. I drove the rest of the winter with skates exclusively, and the Streak before spring did one hundred miles in one hour, and covered a measured mile in thirty-one seconds. I have the owl quill yet, and intend to use it some day in writing my memoirs."

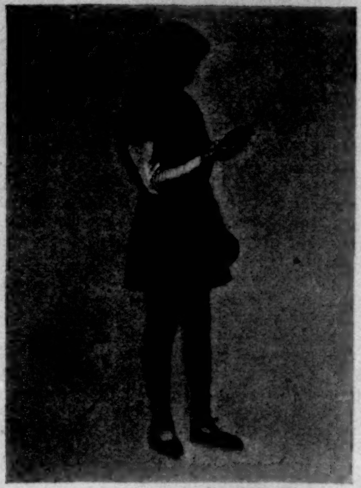
"Jones," said Jackson Peters, "I presume you neglect to mention that it ruined your valuable horse for summer driving at a trot."

"My young friend," answered Jones, "if you could have seen Lightning Streak next summer doing his sixty-five miles an hour on roller-skates you wouldn't talk that way."

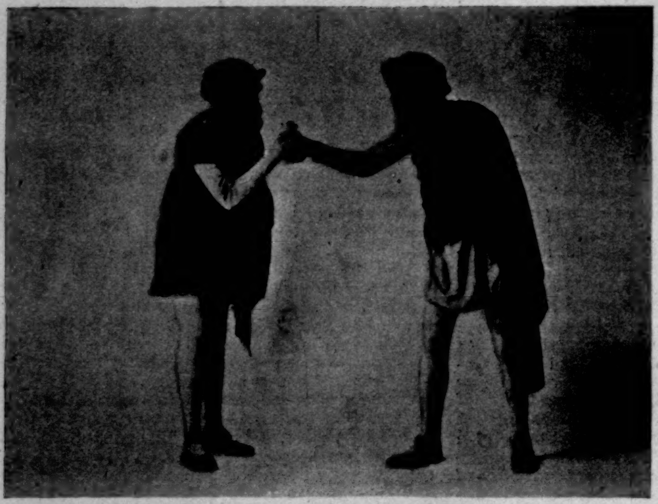
H. C.

PROLOGUS (O. B. ROBERTS).

THE TWO TIBICINES (H. L. BOWLES AND A. A. BRYANT).



ANTIPHO (J. R. OLIVER).



GETA (G. R. NOYES). DAVOS (F. K. BALL).

PHORMIO (E. K. RAND). TIBICEN. GETA (G. R. NOYES).

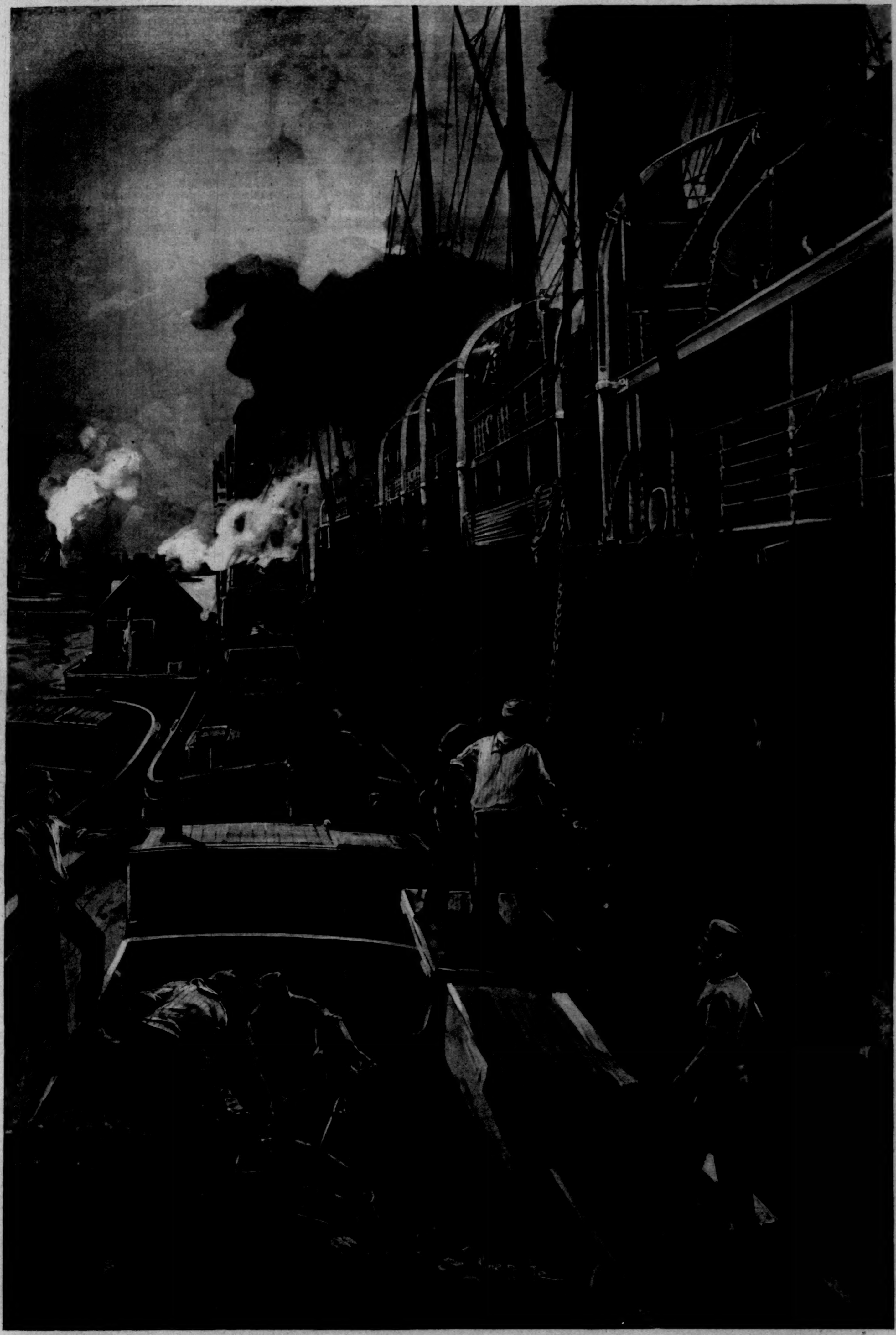
CHREMES (OTTO STAREK). DEMIPHO (H. E. BURTON).

PHORMIO (E. K. RAND). DEMIPHO (H. E. BURTON). CRATINUS (L. H. DOW). HEGIO (J. P. WARREN). CRITO (J. B. SMILEY).

PHAEDRA (J. R. SLATER). DORIO (W. F. HARRIS).

NAUSISTRATA (W. K. BRICE). CHREMES (OTTO STAREK). PHORMIO (E. K. RAND)

CHARACTERS IN THE LATIN PLAY AT HARVARD.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PACH BROTHERS.—[SEE PAGE 391.]



COALING AN OCEAN STEAMER.—Drawn by Al. Hencke.—[See Page 399.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

In the matter of Mr. Laurence Hutton's recollection of Mr. Lowell's disparagement of the sanctity of the soil of Westminster Abbey, a bit of new evidence is reported. It will be remembered that Mr. Hutton recorded in Harper's Weekly his impression of having heard Mr. Lowell allude at a Savage Club dinner to the exclusion of Byron's relics by the Abbey functionaries from soil "polluted by the rotten ashes of the mistresses of your kings." Mr. E. A. Abbey, whose ears are naturally erect when abbeys are mentioned, says it was not at dinner that Mr. Lowell spoke as Mr. Hutton says he did, but at a breakfast given by the Savage Club in the spring of 1879 or 1880, at the Criterion, in honor of a number of American actors then in London. Mr. Abbey says that among others who were at that breakfast were McKee Rankin, E. M. Holland, W. E. Sheridan, and John T. Raymond, and that Barry Sullivan was in the chair. He dimly remembers what Mr. Lowell said, but has a lively recollection of the enthusiasm his remarks evoked. "As I recall the words," writes Mr. Abbey, "they were something like this: 'It is not so many years since actors were denied a resting-place in that consecrated ground where rakes and demi-reps are permitted to .... the pollution they .... upon earth.' I won't venture to supply the words I have left out. I simply cannot put the end of the sentence together. But I am absolutely sure of the rest of the words."

Mr. Abbey's testimony, added to Mr. Hutton's, makes it seem tolerably credible that Mr. Lowell had a deep conviction of the unreasonableness of the suggestion that the soil of Westminster would not prove a congenial resting-place to Lord Byron or the members of the Savage Club. Any man is entitled to be a little vague in his recollections of what he heard another man say after dinner, but what one remembers hearing at breakfast may surely rank as evidence. If any doubts remain as to Mr. Lowell's sentiments about Westminster's soil, it might be as well, in view of the fragility of the Lowell window in the vestibule of the Chapter House, that they should be allowed to stand.

The National Conservatory of Music (126 East Seventeenth Street) announces a summer term, beginning June 1st, for students whose school duties keep them busy during the rest of the year. New York is an admirable place for summer schools of all sorts, and the Conservatory may be expected to attract its share of pupils.

The annual prize of three hundred dollars offered by the National Conservatory for the best symphony has been awarded to Mr. George W. Chadwick, of Boston. Mr. Chadwick is a composer who writes serious music for fun, and frivolous music as a matter of hateful duty. To have taken a prize with his symphony may help to reconcile his artistic soul to the mortification of having written the score of the successful operetta called *Tabasco*.

An illustration to a story by Mary Hallock Foote, in the April *Century*, represents a young man talking with earnestness to a young girl on a subject of importance to each of them. The girl is standing; the youth is sitting down, or rather reclining on a sofa. The girl prefers to stand, so let her; the youth has broken his arm and carries it in a sling, and that excuses part of the ease of his posture. But it does not excuse all of it. It does not excuse his crossed legs, or his foot dangling in the air. As he sits he furnishes the youth of the period an apt illustration of how not to arrange himself when he speaks to a woman. The youth of the period is not very particular about his postures. It is not at all an uncommon thing to see him sitting in a lady's parlor leaning far back in a low chair with his legs crossed, not unobtrusively like a pair of scissors, but conspicuously, with the foot of the upper leg two or three feet from the floor, and not less than five feet distant from his head. He doesn't sit that way out of wilful discourtesy, but because he knows no better. No friendly hand grasped him by the scruff of the neck in childhood and yanked him into a respectful attitude when his mother came into the room. His legs have no manners. If they had been properly trained at an impressionable age, even though he were asleep in his chair they would unclose and huddle up when a woman approached them. Mrs. Foote's picture is full of valuable suggestions to the contemporaneous young man. Let him refer to it, and learn what not to do with his legs.

The *Overland Monthly* has a new editor, Mr. Rounsevelle Wildman, of whom it is told among other things that he was one of the committee of five citizens of Idaho who secured the admission of that State into the Union. It is also remarked of him that he is probably the youngest magazine editor in the United States. Each of these statements adds to the interest of the other. It seems not a little odd that a man who is old enough to be one of the fathers of even a four-year-old State should appear exceptionally young to be an editor. No doubt the responsibility of editing a reputable magazine is great, but it is also a serious thing to get a State into the Union, especially if it is a State of which the whole population does not equal that of a fourth-class Eastern city, and which promptly sends two Senators and a Representative to Congress to vote for silver coinage.

But perhaps Mr. Wildman's share in the paternity of Idaho was a youthful indiscretion, and he knows better now. Other things are told of him—that he has been consul at Singapore and in Germany, proprietor of a newspaper in Idaho, and a contributor to Harper's Weekly, all of which experiences will doubtless prove valuable to him in his new vocation.

In a recent address upon "College Men as Citizens," President Low told his young men at Columbia College that "universal suffrage has been the greatest force ever set at work in the world to uplift the masses," and that "if we did not have universal suffrage, with its educating and civilizing influence, in this cosmopolitan city there would be need of a standing army." President Low is not a man who talks merely because he likes the sound of words, nor has he lacked opportunity to study universal suffrage in its practical results. When it is so common a cry among people who believe in their own discernment that we are in danger of political wreck in this country because so many of us are allowed to vote, there is a comforting reassurance in the willingness of such a representative American as Dr. Low to express convictions so positively opposed to that view. It is not reported that any one who sat under him rose to protest against calling any measure of suffrage universal in which women do not share. What Dr. Low's views are on the woman-suffrage question I do not happen to know, but it seems unlikely that a man who believes as sincerely as he does in an extended suffrage would wish to limit it to men. If universal man suffrage enables New York to get along without a standing army, it would be interesting to see how far woman suffrage would enable it to dispense with the police.

The World's Fair *Memorial for International Arbitration* is a handsome book giving in fac-simile all the signatures affixed to a petition to all the governments of the world to agree by mutual treaties to submit to settlement by arbitration all such international differences as shall fail of satisfactory solution by ordinary peaceful means. To this petition are signed the names of all the Fair commissioners from foreign parts; the names of the commissioners from the several States who formed the World's Columbian Commission; the names of the lady managers; of the officers and directors of the Fair; of the officers of the various congresses which were a feature of the Fair, and of the more eminent delegates to those congresses; of the representatives of the Evangelical Alliance; of the representative heads of the W.C.T.U.; of the editors of many representative newspapers; of sundry Mayors, Governors, railroad presidents, millionaires, military officers, United States Senators, and cabinet officers; and of the ex-President of the United States, and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

The memorial is an imposing document, not to be examined without emotion. An appendix contains addresses by Judge Cooley, Lord Coleridge, Professor Lavelaye, Mr. Gladstone, Benjamin Harrison, and others; an extract from the writings of Cardinal Gibbons; a history of the movement for an arbitration treaty between Great Britain and the United States; papers about the success of arbitration and the cost of war; an extract from a message of President Cleveland; and the text of a recent letter about arbitration from Secretary Gresham to Sir Julian Pauncefote. Altogether, the memorial forms an edifying compendium of the direct action taken in connection with the Chicago Fair to promote the peace of nations. It has been distributed to the governments of the world through the Department of State.

The doctrine of natural depravity finds an endorsement, which in these days it needs badly enough, in the case of a resident of West Roxbury, in Massachusetts, of whom a Boston newspaper reports that unbeknownst even to himself he has been having the small-pox, "and has almost entirely recovered without the aid of a physician." He suspected that he had something a little out of common, and apparently staid in-doors, but did not take the trouble to get an opinion in his case, and was only found out when a woman in the same house came down with the same disease. To have the small-pox off-hand in a populated house is unscrupulous enough, but to recover without the consent of the faculty is a singular impertinence even in Massachusetts, where there is so much irregular infraction of the monopoly of cure.

The report that Gilbert and Sullivan are out again suggests that a good subject for a comic opera might be found in the incompatibility of a composer and a librettist who have cogent pecuniary reasons for working together and violent personal reasons for working apart. The conflict in the bosom of each toiler between [illegible] and irascibility, and the thrifty struggles of both toward mutual forbearance, might furnish a clever versifier with tempting themes.

It is no more than fair that the recollection of the recent agitation over the Harvard Latin play should presently mitigate the periodical complaints now almost due against the ascendency of athletics. Some just person with a rule ought to measure up all that the newspapers have said about *Phormio*, and keep the record to offset the space given to the Harvard-Yale boat-race next June. The accounts will not balance, to be sure, but even a moderate showing for "culture" is better than none.

It is suggested that in the absence of an adequate constitutional hinderance the revenues of the government could be agreeably amplified by requiring persons with new theories about the authorship of Shakespeare's plays, or discoverers of new ciphers, who wish to exploit them, to take out a license upon payment of a heavy fee. It would be no hardship at all to compel fellows who wish to gull themselves and others of the credulous with preposterous tales formed of words selected by their supposed systems to pay for their fun. Whiskey makes the head swim; so do the various Baconian ciphers; the results in one case being as unremunerative as in the other.

E. S. Martin.

MAY-DAY CUSTOMS IN ANCIENT TIMES.

"More matter for a May morning."—*Twelfth Night, Act III., Scene 4.*

The 1st of May has been a moving day in the mother country for many centuries, although not in the modern American sense of the words. The inhabitants of the stately homes of England and the dwellers in the hovels at their gates have occupied the same castles and the same cottages for generations. And Tennyson's consumptive young woman who sang, "I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May," hoped to be the chosen sovereign at the annual village festival, not the self-elected and ornamental monarch of a city household, who proposes to sit about doing nothing, while her mother packs the crockery and takes up the carpets, on the occasion of the annual flitting to another flat.

The amiable *Spectator* says (No. 365) that "on the first day of this month [May] we see the ruddy milkmaid exerting herself in a most sprightly manner under a pyramid of silver tankards, and, like the virgin Tarpeia, oppressed by the costly ornaments which her benefactors lay upon her." Strutt, in his *Sports and Pastimes*, explains that these decorations of tankards and the like "were borrowed for the occasion, and hung around the milk-pails, with the addition of flowers and ribbons, which the maidens carried upon their heads when they went to the houses of their customers, and danced in order to obtain gratuities from them." It is not easy to conceive of the milkmen of the present going about on May day with anything but bills for those of their customers who are likely to move into another street.

Another curious and obsolete May-day custom is described in Hone's *Every-day Book*, where we read that "May day is called *La na Beal tina;* and May eve, *Na Beal tina;* that is, day and eve of Bial's fire. . . . The ceremony practised on May eve of making the cows leap over lighted straw or fagots has been generally traced to the worship of that deity. It is now [1832] vulgarly used to save the milk from being pilfered by 'the good people.'" And elsewhere we are told that in "Callander, Perthshire, Scotland, on May 13th, which is *old* May day, lots are drawn by taking pieces of cake from a bonnet, and the person who draws a piece which has been blackened is considered as devoted to Baal, and is obliged to jump three times through a fire." This sounds a little strange, as coming from the North Country in the first half of the nineteenth century; and where the religion of the people is "something they call Free Kirk," and very serious at that.

Early on May-day morning it was the custom in Lincolnshire, up to the middle of the present century, for the swains to place branches of various trees at the doors of the marriageable young women of the village. The twigs all meant something, and were supposed to be emblematical of the character of the recipients, or of the feelings of the donors, sometimes complimentary, sometimes quite the reverse. *Wicken*, the local name for the mountain-ash, meant "sweet chicken," for instance; *oak*, a "joke"; and plain *ash* signified "trash." This last, probably, was usually anonymous.

In Huntingdonshire, about the same period, a doll ornamented with bits of gay-colored ribbons and silks, candlesticks, spoons, snuffers, and the like, was suspended from a rope stretched across the street on the 1st of May. She was supposed to represent Flora. She had attendants and garlands, and the attendants carried the garlands to the Queen of the May herself. The Queen was chosen in the morning by her peers at the village school, and by the same cabal she was dethroned at night. It is explained by Cuthbert Bede that "a parasol was her sceptre, and her crown a wreath of flowers. These she always bore with grace and dignity, arrayed in a white gown and a white veil, and a bag that displayed a white pocket-handkerchief." Preceded by her maids of honor with the garlands, and followed by her other attendants of both sexes, her majesty made a right regal tour from door to door, depositing in her bag, and by the side of her handkerchief, all the substantial gifts made by her loyal subjects, these tithes, usually edible, being consumed at the coronation banquet. After the sovereign and her court had partaken freely of the votive offerings, they played "I spy," "Thread-the-needle," and "Blind-man's buff"; and they were usually all ill the next day.

The young people in Cornwall used to hail May day as "Dipping day." They were wont to gather the flowering branches of the white-thorn or the narrow-leaved elm (called May boughs) which had just put forth their leaves, and which they distributed among their friends. In the afternoon all the boys of the village, armed with buckets, cans, dippers, or "squirts," sallied out and availed themselves of a license which the season conferred to "dip" or douse all persons, of whatever rank or age, who were not fortunate enough to be protected by the display of the sprigs of the elm or hawthorn which were passed about in the morning.

It is curious to read that the decadence of this playful and pleasant Cornish custom is deplored by a writer who regrets the decided change which has taken place between the country gentleman and his tenants, who deplores the gradual but marked dying-out of the feudal feeling, and who thinks that school fêtes, ploughing-matches, and horticultural shows are a poor exchange for Christmas misrule and May-poles.

[illegible] metropolis, as well as the rural towns of the provinces in England, had its May-poles, and the most celebrated of these, perhaps, was the May-pole in the Strand, which was particularly distinguished for the brave use to which it was put after its May-polar eclipse. "Being grown old and decayed, it was, *anno* 1717, obtained by Sir Isaac Newton, Knt., of the parish," according to Peter Cunningham, "and the next year it was carried to Wanstead Park for the raising of a telescope." The original May-pole in the Strand, which stood near the site of the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand, was denounced by the Puritans as one of the last remnants of vile barbarism, round which people in holiday times used to dance, quite ignorant of its original intent and meaning. A Parliamentary ordinance in 1644 swept it away, with all its companion shafts in London; but in 1661 a tree, described as a most choice and remarkable piece, 134 feet high, was erected in its stead by the gracious consent of his sacred Majesty, and the illustrious Prince the Duke of York. This was the tree that supported Newton's telescope in the reign of the most sacred and illustrious George I.

Another famous London May-pole gave its name to the church of St. Andrew Undershaft, in the ward of Aldgate. It was taken down in 1517, on "Evil May day," when a serious fight took place at its foot between the apprentices and the foreigners living in the parish. It was not erected again until 1549, and soon after that it disappeared altogether. Stow relates how a certain curate preached against it at Paul's Cross, accusing the inhabitants of setting up for themselves an idol in the parish; which so moved the inhabitants that they sawed it into pieces and burnt it.

May-poles, alas, are now things of the past, and May-day festivals are now almost unknown, except on the operatic stage, or in the great Barnum & Bailey show. Washington Irving wrote in the *Sketch-Book:* "I shall never forget the delight I felt at first seeing a May-pole. It was on the banks of the Dee, close by the picturesque old bridge that stretches across the river from the quaint little city of Chester. . . . I value every custom that tends to infuse poetical feeling into the common people, and to sweeten and soften the rudeness of rustic manners without destroying their simplicity. Indeed it is to the decline of this happy simplicity that the decline of this custom may be traced; and the rural dance on the green and the homely May-day pageant have gradually disappeared in proportion as the peasantry have become expensive and artificial in their pleasures, and too knowing for simple enjoyment."

The unattached, unrewarded, but very useful army of contributors to the English *Notes and Queries* furnish a long list of the May-poles still existing in England five-and-thirty years ago. There was one in Aldermaston, Berkshire, which stood in a commanding position at the top of the street. It was seventy-five feet high, and was surmounted by a wind-vane and a crown. There was one in Bayton, Worcestershire, which had been carefully preserved by the inhabitants for many years; and at Castle Bytham Church in Lincolnshire the bell-chamber was reached from the ringing-chamber by a May-pole, which bore the date of 1660. But the present chronicler, who has seen much of rural England, who loves it well, and who realizes that the English peasantry have indeed become too knowing for simple enjoyment, can only regret that he never experienced, with Irving, the delight of seeing a May-pole on a village green, surrounded by village greenies.

Laurence Hutton.

AMATEUR SPORT

A SPORTING PILGRIMAGE.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

II.—ENGLISH UNIVERSITY ATHLETICS.

OXFORD RACQUET AND FIVES COURTS.

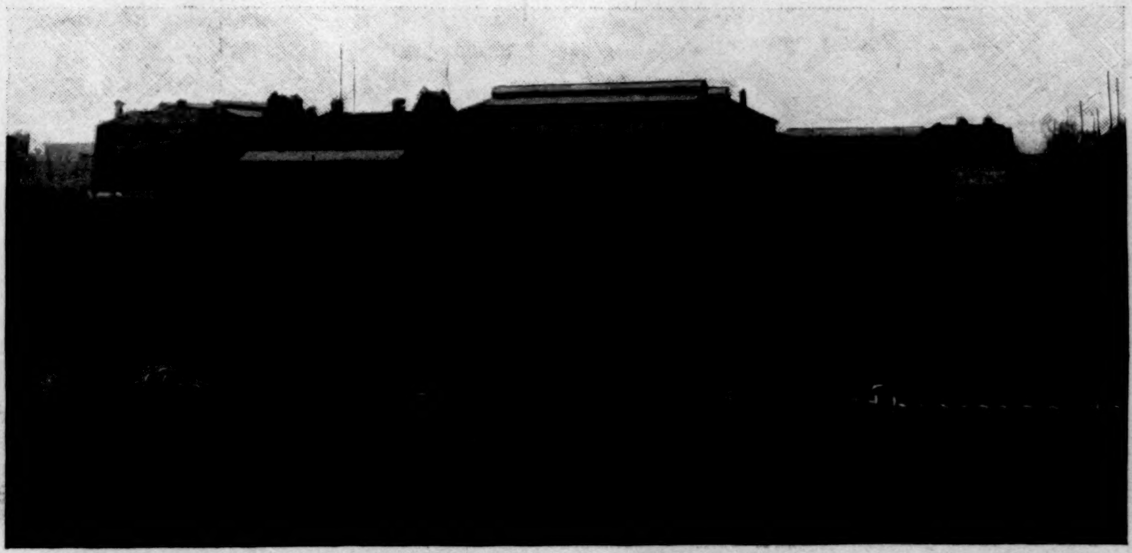
THERE is, I believe, a time-honored saw to the effect that "Englishmen take their pleasures sadly"; but I am inclined, after my studies at Oxford and Cambridge, to write that, as touching comparative university athletics, we Americans take our sport and ourselves rather seriously. One does not find at Oxford or Cambridge that all-absorbing interest which makes the outcome of the football match uppermost in every athletically inclined American undergraduate's thoughts. So much does not appear to hang on the result. Though you will find the English student body at the game, rarely is it represented at practice, except in straggling numbers of enthusiasts. If you talk with the average man at Oxford or Cambridge on the team-work and prospects, he will evince interest, but it is lukewarm compared with the spirit with which a Harvard, Yale, or Princeton man will discuss his eleven, and wax eloquent over the brilliant rushes of the half-back, or sorrowfully deprecate the slowness with which an end rusher gets down the field under a kick. The English university man will deal with generalities, and "fancies they are doing well enough"; he seldom criticises. Whereas the American is not satisfied with "well enough," is more particular in comment, and certainly more searching in his inquiry. Tradition and years of participation, and, too, possibly, the less nervous, active disposition of the native Englishman, have persuaded him that, after all, the winning or losing of a football match will neither lengthen nor shorten his earthly career. He is human enough to wish to win, to use his best endeavors to that end, and to rejoice in his victory, but he is not going to lose any sleep over it. And it does seem the more sensible way, and the best way of doing the greatest good to the largest number. Too much store is not set on the mere winning; the principle is, to do something athletic, and to do it to the best of your ability. If you happen at the games of any one college of Oxford or Cambridge, you are immediately impressed by the apparent indifference of the contestants as to whose name goes up as winner on the announcing blackboard, or what time is recorded against it. The idea appears to be—and, indeed, it is the true one—an afternoon's sport first, and winning and records afterwards. The sports are carried on and tea served in the reading-room of the club simultaneously, and apparently one gives as much pleasure as the other.

I do not by any means wish to convey the impression that the English university athlete goes into his race, or his football game, or his boat, indifferent as to whether he wins or not. Quite the contrary; he is keen enough, and runs himself to a standstill against his opponent from Cambridge or Oxford, or pulls his oar through until he drops (he would not be Anglo-Saxon if he did not); but in his inter-college games the mere winning does not become so much to him as the sport of it all and the general development it portends, while for the inter-university contests the serious side remains in the background until he is on the scratch with his rival.

And all this, too, where the percentage of those not actively engaged in some branch of sport is infinitely small, and where almost every man you meet is on his college torpids, Lents, eights, eleven, or fifteen.

It impresses the American college man strangely, but none the less pleasantly, on coming in touch for the first time with this spirit; in defence of his own university at home, he immediately consoles himself with the mental reservation that the Englishmen do not attain the same form in their athletics as do we—and it is true. But what if they do not? They certainly attain a good standard of skill, and by a system and spirit that give the most benefit to the greatest number. After all, that is the true value of athletics in our universities; and when one has been an eye-witness of their football matches, their rowing races, and their athletic sports generally, one realizes that the Oxford and Cambridge spirit is the more healthful and the more wearing. English university athletes do not give that careful attention to preparation for contests that we do; trainers are unknown, the men themselves acting in that capacity; and while, as I said, they do not reach the degree of perfection that we attain in our university teams, at the same time they do get "fit" enough to have made a table of rowing times which we have not yet equalled, and to have compiled athletic records that compare favorably with the performances of our superlatively trained athletes at our inter-collegiate championships.

It would, indeed, be a novelty to English athletes and English spectators to see one or more members of a defeated football eleven throw themselves prostrate on the ground in the agony of bitter disappointment. Now I would not feel myself an American—and first and last I am always that—if I did not confess my love of that enthusiasm, that whole-heartedness, which characterizes our athletes, and makes them feel that for the hour there is nothing in the wide world so important as an honest triumph over their rivals. I have "been there" myself, and my heart invariably goes out to the boy down on the field who in his hour of defeat is not ashamed of a few tears, and I always want to grasp his hand and tell him I know he will win next time. Those tears come from the heart, and that boy will be the man who, later, grits his teeth and cuts his way through difficulties. I would not have our athletes different. I believe that to whatever one turns his attention, whether as boy, to the sport of his college days, or to the serious side of life's work afterwards, he is more the man, and his success the more likely, if he throws his whole heart into it; and one cannot risk so much without experiencing corresponding elation or disappointment on success or defeat.



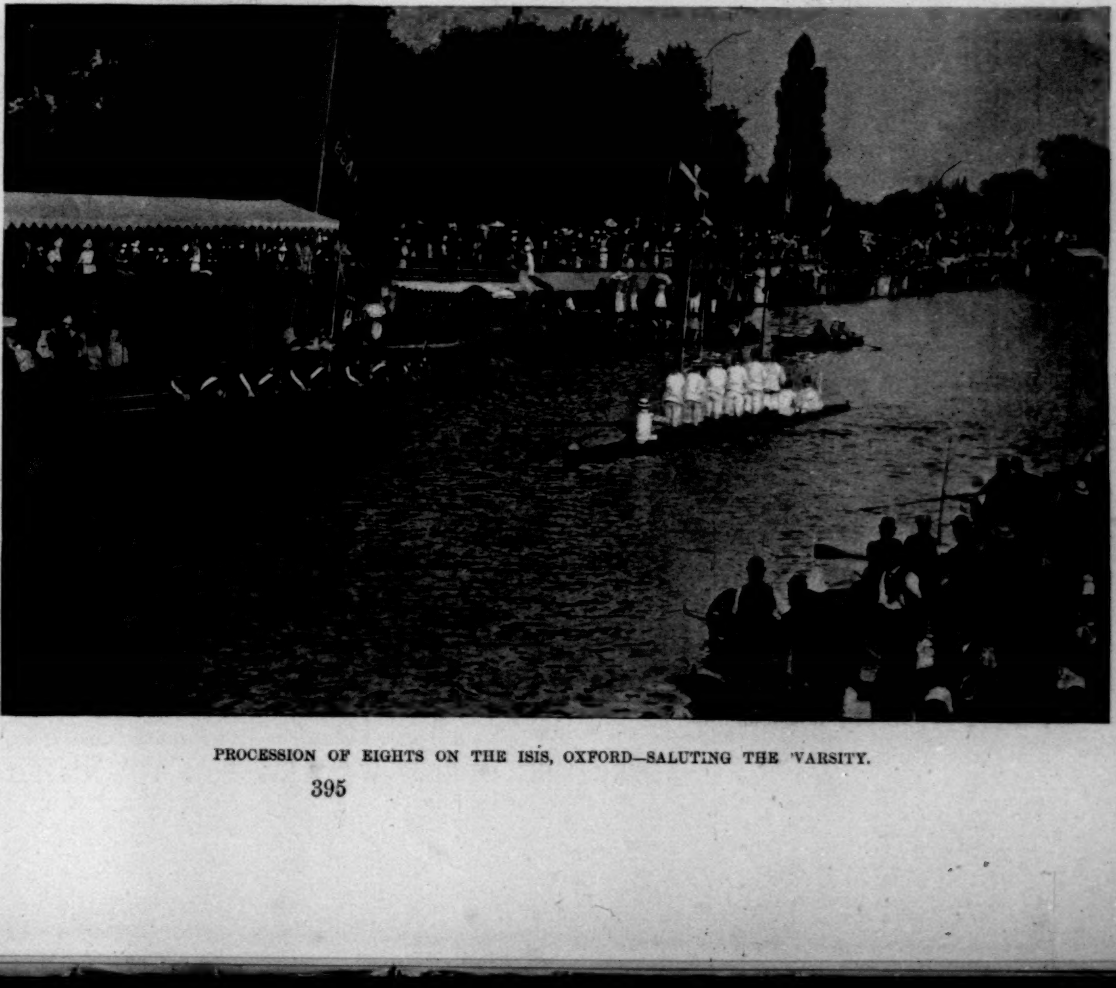
QUEEN'S CLUB, LONDON—FOOTBALL AND ATHLETIC FIELD.

It is by no means in this respect that I should wish our university athletes, and the traditions that inculcate this spirit, changed. There are no lessons here for us to learn from our English cousins. But it is in the lesser preparation, and in the "business," if I may use the word—and I hope I shall be correctly interpreted—that leads up to and surrounds our athletic contests, that the Englishman sets a good example. Particularly would I like to see its softening influences at work on the hard commercial atmosphere that envelops our big football matches, and on the mystery that unnecessarily surrounds so much of the 'varsity athletic team-work as ignores the undergraduate, and would leave him out of touch with it altogether but for his superabundant enthusiasm and loyalty that surmount all obstacles. Also in diminishing the amount of money we annually expend in fitting teams for their contests, and in moderating the speculative eye we have for large gate-receipts generally. Here, I think, we can indeed learn a much-needed lesson, nor can we learn it too quickly.

It will surprise American university men, I know, to learn that it costs about $2000 to maintain the Oxford University Rugby Union football team during the season, and less than $1500 for the Association football team, while the crew trains and buys its shells and oars at an annual expenditure of from $2500 to $3000. No just comparison can be made between the English university football teams and our own 'varsity elevens. And it would be absurd to attempt to prepare our football men on the training done by the Englishmen. Neither the Rugby Union nor the Association approaches our game either in skill or demand on the players' physical endurance. One can draw only an approximate comparison. In rowing, however, the comparison is apt.

Training tables, as we have them, are unknown at either Oxford or Cambridge. Their football teams do not change their usual course of living until about two weeks before the inter-university match, when they dine together in the common hall, and on food more or less especially prepared for them. The crews—that is, the torpids and the eights—during the short time they train are breakfasted together by members of the college to which they belong, and dine as usual in the common hall and at their own individual expense. The 'varsity crew has from five to six weeks of training as such, three of them spent at Putney making the final preparations for their race, when they are in quarters on the Thames, and at a regular training table, the expenses of which are paid by their respective university boat clubs. During the three weeks previous to going to Putney each member of the crew in turn daily entertains the other seven at a breakfast and dinner.

With the track athletic teams there is even less pretence at training. They have no trainer, and the care-taker of the grounds acts as starter and general factotum. He may or may not have any particular knowledge of one sport or another (judging from the average form I saw in shot-putting, hammer-throwing, jumping, and hurdling, I should say he usually had not), except that which he has picked up from year to year by constant association with the athletes. When the 'varsity athletic teams that meet in dual competition annually on the Queen's Club grounds in London are



PROCESSION OF EIGHTS ON THE ISIS, OXFORD—SALUTING THE 'VARSITY.

AFTER THE OPERA—WAITING FOR THE CARRIAGES IN THE BOX-HOLDERS' LOBBY OF

[...] OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 401.]

THE PAVILION AT LORDS.

chosen, there is usually a week or ten days of training at the university, and about the same length of time at Brighton, where they have the sea-air as a tonic to their daily practice.

I am sure that throughout my study of English university athletics nothing has made a greater impression upon me than the sportsmanlike feeling which exists, and is perfectly apparent to whosoever cares to look, between Oxford and Cambridge crews and teams. Whatever one crew does at Putney the other may see—if it likes. There is no attempt at stealing away, no substitutes sent out to watch and report. Each is on the Thames to perfect its work, and the other is at liberty to "size it up" as much as pleases it. It is quite common for one crew to follow in its steam-launch the rowing of the other. Indeed, the Cambridge captain only a few weeks ago, when asked if he had any objections, replied: "Not a bit. Follow all you like, and say what you please." And he meant it.

While at Putney members of the Oxford crew will occasionally dine at the Cambridge training table, and *vice versa*. The men do not eye one another askance, and there is none of the embarrassment that attends the annual Harvard-Yale call when the crews are in quarters at New London. I had the pleasure of being a guest at a dinner given in London to the Oxford and Cambridge Association football teams on the night of their annual match at Queen's, and although Cambridge had won a victory that every one—before the match—had given Oxford, and although every Oxford graduate and undergraduate was cocksure of winning, I could not distinguish the victors from the losers at the tables. This is in very fact the true sporting spirit, for he who is not a good loser or gracious winner cannot be a good sportsman.

The first step in the right direction was taken in America winter before last when Colonel Higginson dined the Harvard and Yale elevens in Boston, and continued by Judge Howland's entertainment, in New York, of the elevens from the same two universities last winter. May the spirit thus begun develop until it has reached the farthermost corners of the United States! I cannot refrain from recounting another incident to yet further accentuate this sportsmanlike spirit and perfect willingness that all London, or the whole world, should see the crews at practice, if it cared to make the journey to Putney. The first morning I went to Putney, Mr. Lehmann, one of the two Oxford coaches, whom I had met, was detained in town, and did not turn up; therefore I asked a boatman to point out to me the other coach, Mr. McLean, and approaching the latter, asked if the crew was going out, and when. With recollections of New London experiences I expected to have a well-bred, non-committal English stare turned full upon me. Judge, then, my surprise to have Mr. McLean tell me the crew was going out in about half an hour, but only for a short paddle, and that if I wanted to see it at work I had better come that afternoon, when the men would be going out at "quarter before three." And he knew me at that time only as one of the several hundred interested spectators standing on the river-bank waiting for the crew to bring out its boat! Fancy asking a Yale or Harvard coach at what hour the crew would come out, and the best place to see it at work! Perhaps a stranger would be told all about it!—per—haps!

It is to be expected that with such a spirit permeating the athletic system the question of eligibility would rarely, if ever, be raised. And it is so. Each university assumes it is meeting sportsmen and gentlemen, and they have been carried through many years of competition with scarcely a scandal. No entry is ever challenged, and a departure from custom or tradition is universally, both in and out of the university, looked upon as an acknowledgment of weakness. For instance, there happened to be in this year's Cambridge boat a man who left that university several years ago, and who was not, in the spirit of the law, eligible, although he had not pulled a 'varsity oar four years, consecutively or otherwise (the limit of years a man may represent his university); his being in the boat was very unusual, but it was accepted without protest by Oxford as a confession by Cambridge that they were in sore need, and that was the end of it.

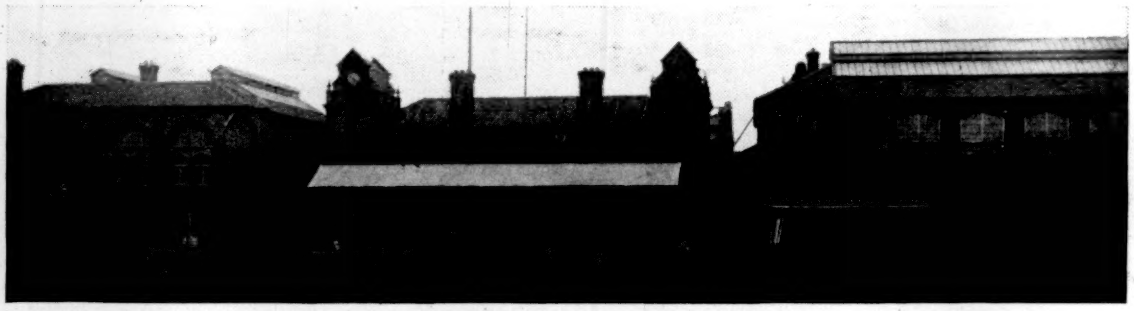
There is no limit of years that a man may row on his college eight in the summer regattas, though four is the stipulated time on a 'varsity crew, football or other athletic team, and it bespeaks the sportsmanship of the undergraduate body that this, in our eyes, lax ruling, is so seldom taken advantage of. There are no meetings every now and again to consider this one's or that one's eligibility; names of men not strictly *bona fide* undergraduates are rarely offered for candidacy, and captains neither seek nor encourage them. It is simply a tradition that the colleges and universities shall be represented by athletes from the student body, and no one thinks of asking why, or attempts to evade the prerogatives of custom. If a college puts on a man not strictly in keeping with the spirit of the unwritten law, it places that college in an undesirable light before all the others. As a university man said to me when I asked him point-blank what there was to stop a captain or college, or even university, from putting on crack men not eligible, "There is nothing to prevent, but the university would not like it, and it would be bad form, you know." I need hardly add that there are no attempts made by either university to induce good football-players or oarsmen to forsake one for the other; even the recruiting among preparatory schools—Eton, Harrow, and the others—is *nil*, and matriculating to play on an eleven or row in the boat would be somewhat of a novelty. If men ever do return to play football or cricket or to row (as, for example, like the Cambridge oarsmen cited before), there is no disguise attempted.

The manner of meeting the athletic expenses of the university is entirely in accord with this spirit that gives all sport in the English universities such wholesome life. It is fairly well known, I doubt not, but for the few to whom it may be news, let us say, that Oxford University is composed of twenty colleges and three halls (colleges of lesser importance). Cambridge is comprised of eighteen colleges. Each college has its own athletic association. At some, rowing, football, cricket, track, and all athletic interests are amalgamated and have a common treasury, to which each contributes and on which all draw. In other colleges, though the number of these is comparatively small, every athletic organization has a distinct treasury. But, whether united or divided, the system of supplying the treasury is the same.

Every man when he "goes up" (they "go up" when they matriculate and "go down" when they graduate in English universities) joins such of his college athletic interests as he is predisposed to; if he rows, in addition to his own college club, he joins the university boat club, and pays a certain small sum, which represents his initiation fee and dues. From this fund, annually recruited, each college supports its several football, cricket, athletic teams and crews.

For the support of the university teams and crews each college is assessed per capitation—*i. e.*, it gives according to the number of its athletic undergraduates—besides which it pays entrance fees to the university boat club for each boat entered in the summer regatta. In other words, every athlete in the English university pays his contribution towards the maintenance of the university sport. If he runs, the prizes are a silver medal for first and second, both medals being alike in value, and if he rows, the trophies are flags and well-chosen but inexpensive cups and toilet articles.

Contributions from the undergraduates are not necessary in our universities, or at least have not been necessary the last few years, because of the increased drawing properties of football and baseball, the large receipts from which have not only supported these teams and the crews, but have contributed towards furnishing American universities with the finest and most completely equipped athletic fields and buildings in the world.

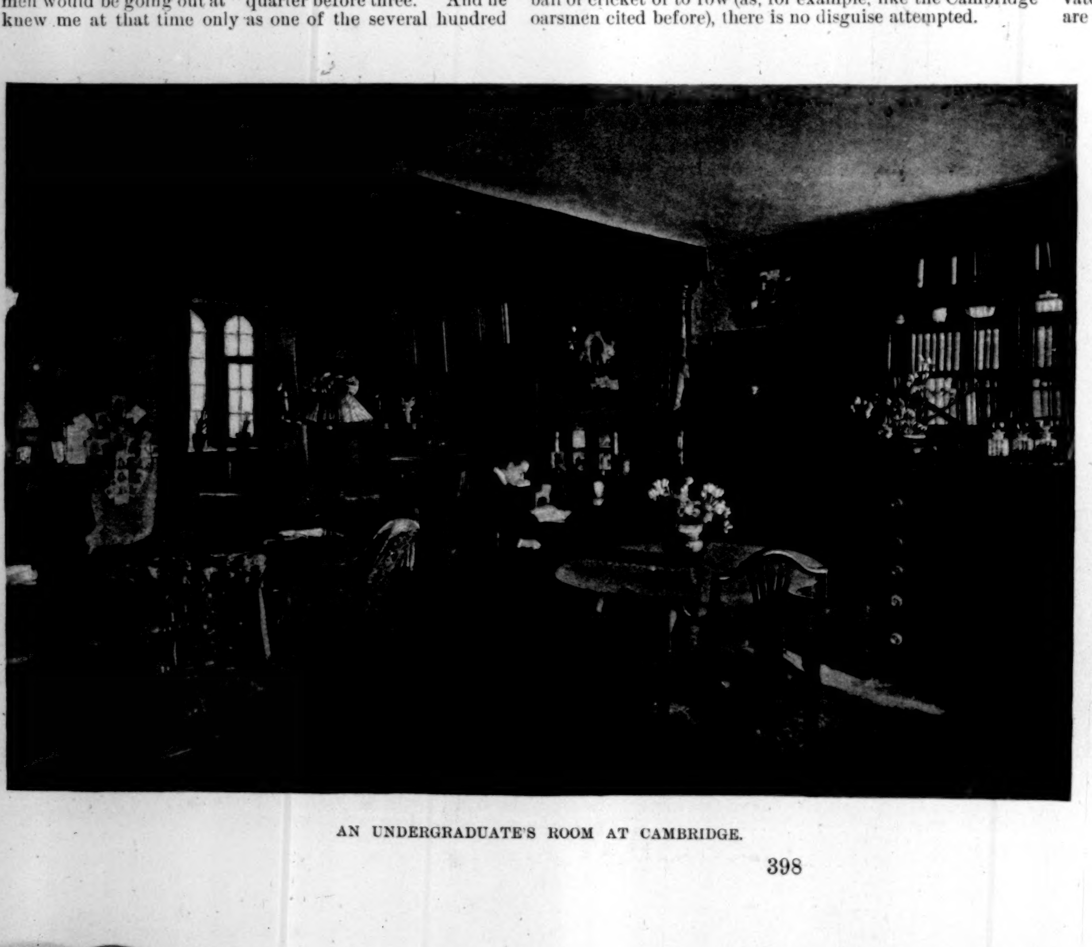


QUEEN'S CLUB HOUSE—RACQUET AND TENNIS COURTS.

And this brings us to the question of gate receipts, where again we may with profit carefully study the example set us by the English universities. Nearly all the football games played at Oxford are free to the public, the only occasion on which a charge is made being when the visiting team happens to be one of the numerous semi-professional combinations with which England and Scotland are filled to overflowing. At Cambridge the same is practically true, only a little more so, for the university owns no enclosed football ground—nor, indeed, an athletic field, strange to relate, and, by-the-way, is endeavoring just now to raise enough money to purchase one. In the mean time all athletic meetings and cricket matches are held on an enclosed field which they rent. Near this is an unenclosed common, large enough for twenty football fields, on which most of the football matches are played. A few of the colleges of Cambridge have private cricket fields, and some even a football field, but these are not open to the university. Apropos of the large number of men at an English university that go in for one kind or another of sport, one Saturday while I was at Cambridge I counted one lacrosse, one hockey, and four football matches being played simultaneously on the big common, while the university track athletic sports were goi ngon near by, and down on the river I found six eights at work.

Oxford is much more favored in this respect. First of all they have an immense tract of land called the parks, on which all university football and cricket matches are played. (I told off one cricket and nine football fields, and there is room for as many more.) This is open to the public. Then there is a University Athletic Association field, a recent acquisition, and a handsome club-house, with dressing-rooms, and a reading-room upstairs, where during meetings the very charming and thoroughly English custom of serving tea is observed. This field is devoted entirely to track athletics, and an admission fee charged, to go towards paying for the club-house. Besides this, several of the colleges have cricket and football fields of their own, and there are innumerable tennis-courts scattered all over the university precincts. Oxford and Cambridge never meet on one another's grounds. There are no home-and-home games. Their two football matches, Rugby Union and Association, and their track athletic contests, are decided on the Queen's Club ground in London; their cricket match at Lords, also in London; their boat-race, as everybody knows, of course, on the Thames, from Putney to Mortlake.

In every instance where there is an entrance fee the general admission is invariably a shilling, with possibly a sixpence or another shilling for any particularly reserved place. At athletic games and football matches on both university grounds, and at Queen's Club, it is a shilling, with a sixpence for a programme, though at Queen's at the annual Oxford-Cambridge track athletic meeting, which equals cricket in quality of spectators, five shillings is charged for some seats. At Lords, which brings out, by-the-way, the largest and most generally fashionable concourse of spectators, and which lasts for



AN UNDERGRADUATE'S ROOM AT CAMBRIDGE.

three days, the daily general admission will be one shilling, while a guinea ($5 25) gives a seat in the public stand for the three days of the match. There is also a club pavilion open only to members. The universities get a third, I believe, of the gate receipts at both Queen's Club and Lords.

The particularly pleasing side of these small entrance fees is the retention of the low figure at which they were originally placed, notwithstanding the increased popularity of the sports, and they have increased very considerably.

It is not necessary for me to remind American university men of the very distinct difference between this estimable plan of the Englishman and our enterprising watchfulness over the gate receipts. Comparisons are not always pleasing, and this one decidedly not so. There was a day, within the memory of all college men, when the gate charges to our games were comparatively small, but, as football and baseball grew in popular favor, we raised the admission fees proportionately, until we all know what it costs nowadays to get a ticket to a Harvard-Yale and Yale-Princeton football match.

I have come, however, to London to make a study of English amateur sport, and not to send back dissertations on the questionable policy of exalted charges at our own university games; but I cannot resist drawing a moral in this instance, nor from reiterating what I have so often said, that we are, in my estimation, doing college sport a great injury by practically making it so much of a business venture—a charge to which we lend color by making the revenue of our games so important a consideration. It is a harm probably we all do not appreciate just at the present day, but there is no question that in the course of a year or so, if present methods are continued, the day must come when we will realize we could have done college amateur sport a much better service, and put our teams into the field just as fit, and won quite as many victories on treasuries considerably less corpulent than those that obtain to-day at Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. Money, money, seems to be the cry, and it will be the curse, if indeed not the downfall, of honest university sport. I hope I shall live to see fifty cents the limit of admission to our great football games, one dollar purchase the best reserved seat, and the match decided either on college grounds or removed from large cities, where the mass that has no special interest in the outcome of the sport gathers to give it the coloring of a mere holiday spectacle.

THE DEPARTMENT OF SOCIOLOGY AT COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

The inauguration of a Department of Sociology in the university faculty of Political Science at Columbia College is a notable event, not merely as a marked development of university instruction in this country, but also as a utilization of the natural advantage this college possesses for the investigation of this and kindred subjects. It is obvious that the ability of colleges to give thorough training must largely vary with their surroundings. Medicine can only be well taught where there are great hospitals, music where it can be heard in all its varieties, and, most of all, sociology where humanity can be studied.

This natural limitation gives to this new department at Columbia advantages which must make it at once the natural centre for the study of this vast and vital subject. As the greatest centre of American population, New York furnishes of necessity the most full and varied opportunity of social conditions. In this great city are sections so densely inhabited that the people living on one block would not have room for burial on the ground they live upon. Here is every range of our body-politic, from the so-called multimillionaire to the lowest and vilest dregs of society, the widest range of nationality and trade. Here is a great natural laboratory of modern social conditions waiting investigation.

President Low, of Columbia, for many years has been president of the University Settlement, which has done such admirable work in the tenement districts of New York, and has as well taken a leading part in nearly every public movement of a philanthropic or humane character in recent years. Indeed, the institution of this department has long been his personal wish, and it is largely to this interest that it has been inaugurated.

PROFESSOR FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS.

Three years ago a special course of lectures on this subject was begun by Professor Franklin H. Giddings, who has just been appointed to fill the newly created chair of sociology in this department. Professor Giddings was born in Sherman, Connecticut, March 23, 1855; he was graduated with an A.B. from Union College in 1877; he then worked for ten years on newspapers, among them being the Springfield *Republican*, securing the broad and varied training that comes with newspaper work. While so engaged he also made for the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics a special investigation of profit-sharing, which was the beginning of a general interest in that subject in this country. In 1888 he was called to the chair of Political Economy at Bryn-Mawr, being made a full professor there in 1892. His study of sociology had begun in 1872. In an official capacity in the American Academy of Political and Social Science he has written much, and the American Economic Association has edited several of these publications. He is now working upon two books, *The Principles of Sociology*, and *Contributions to Economic Theories*.

The most interesting and important feature to be inaugurated with the creation of this department is the so-called plan of "laboratory" and "field" work.

In the "statistical laboratory" each student will be given an opportunity to work over the actual statistics of population, the relation of classes, the distribution of wealth, the true significance of the statistics of crime, vice, and poverty, so as to grasp the underlying causes. It is planned also to utilize this laboratory work for the tabulation and preservation of the large amount of statistical information gathered by the charitable societies, which is now so largely wasted, so as to make it a bureau of sociological information for this country. It is interesting to know that under the supervision of Professor Mayo-Smith the advanced students recently tabulated the New York city police census of the unemployed.

The complement of this study of social conditions in the mass is to be given in the study of it in detail in the "field work." The Charity Organization societies of New York and Brooklyn, the University Settlement, and the East Side Settlement have all extended special privileges to the department. The advanced students will be given the opportunity of joining some district committee of the Charity Organization Society, thus enabling them to come in contact with the actual conditions, and study the present relief methods, as shown in the employment bureau, wood-yard, Wayfarer's Lodge, penny provident fund, pawnshop, etc. In addition, a select number of students who desire to continue their studies after graduation may be given desks in the central office, and form part of the working force of the society.

Thus a course of training is insured which will open up many paths in life, in which the chance of good doing is almost unlimited. An eloquent speaker recently, in contrast to the scientific law of the "survival of the fit," declared the problem of modern society to be "the revival of the unfit." Towards that end the Department of Sociology of Columbia College will contribute to a large extent, and at no time has the subject demanded more attention than at the present.

THE PURITAN THEORY OF CRIME.

The scene so interestingly pictured by Mr. Volk gives a singularly clear and penetrating glimpse of the every-day life of early New England. The Puritan, whose theology was so much a matter of logical reasoning and deduction and inference, was, after all, an intensely practical sort of body. He was a disputatious personage at all times. He was possessed with an overweening desire to run all humanity into his own little mould, and to ri l himself of the sight and even the memory of any person so stiff-necked as to refuse thus to be refashioned. But on week-days, and when the hated sound of that basest of all base names, Antinomianism, was not ringing in his brain, he was much like other men of his day—graver than most men, perhaps, because his religion was gloomier; ruggeder than even his kindred beyond the sea, because the hard struggle for existence in a rude country and under a forbidding sky compelled to toil. He had altogether new problems to work out, and he attacked them sturdily and with the fearless courage born of an honest heart. But he had little imagination, still less sentiment. He bothered his head with few theories of government, and so far as he could he applied to his new conditions the methods of his fathers. Even the Puritan punishments, of whose harshness and brutality so much has been written, were common to his age, nor were they harsher in Puritan New England than in Cavalier Old England. Perhaps they were, on the whole, somewhat milder here, where the perils were many and the defenders of the community from savage foes all too few. The men of the seventeenth century had little pity to waste upon the offender. The notion that a criminal is a creature to reform, first of all, or to coddle and make a hero of if so despicable as to be unfit to live, is one born of our own century, and almost of our own time. The Puritan hated vice and punished it, and he had an idea that the ocular evidence of the sorry plight of the evil-doer might be a deterrent force upon the evil-disposed.

Perhaps he was wrong. If this age reads aright the record of colonial days in this latter conclusion he certainly was. But the notion was not peculiar to himself, and it long survived him. Indeed, such a scene as that pictured by Mr. Volk would not greatly have astonished the eyes of our grandfathers, who knew what it was to make of atoning sin a holiday show.

The peculiarity of the Puritan village was that it so enwrapped religion about even its secular concerns. Sin was not excluded from it. "Marvellous it may be," exclaimed the pious Bradford, "to see and consider how some kind of wickedness did grow and break forth here!" And one disgusted visitor—a maligner, let us hope—declared that truthfulness was an almost unknown virtue among Boston folk. But in their own way the Puritan ministers did their best for the spiritual and temporal welfare of their flock. In season and out of season they labored for them, admonishing oftener than applauding, but never relaxing their vigilance, chiding the carelessness or waywardness of youth, denouncing the vice of maturity, not hesitating even to follow the sounds of revelry into the ale-house and scatter the tipplers to their homes.

The market-place on meeting day—that mid-week period of religious dissipation, when the settlers gathered from near and far, neglecting their worldly interest for their souls' good—furnished the parson's harvest-time. On that day he hurled his thunder-bolts at the sons of Belial for one, two, and three hours at a stretch from his lofty pulpit. On that day the market-place was full of the votaries of sin—the drunkard in the stocks, the shiftless vagabond in the pillory, the disputatious anabaptist scornfully labelled on his stump, the scold with mouth closed by the iron brank, the profane swearer with tongue tight squeezed in the nipping embrace of the cleft stick, the more heinously offending—perhaps only an offender for conscience' sake—caged like a wild animal. The preacher had verbal scorpions for them all.

Now and again a nobler prey awaited him—a murderer, or even a pirate, like the redoubtable Captain Quelch and his conscienceless crew. For these unhappy wights there was no rest this side the grave. They were preached to, day after day, they were dragged to the meeting-house in chains on Sunday, and preached to again, and other sermons awaited them on the day they were hanged high on the gallows to furnish a public holiday.

Did these things really work for the public good, and forestall sin by cowing it? Who can tell? At least, life and property were safe on the wild New England frontier to a degree unknown in the long-settled mother country. And the Puritan, like other men, has the right to be judged by results.

Charles Martyn Prynne.

COALING AN OCEAN STEAMER.

On the outboard side of a huge ocean liner moored to her pier is an interesting scene. Great steam-shovels lift the coal from the holds of the barges that line her tall black side, and send it hissing and roaring down the iron chutes that lead to the bunkers.

The furnaces devour the fuel so ravenously that often a steamer at the end of a trip has considerably more freeboard than when she started, and great care has to be exercised in stoking to prevent a list to one side or the other.

Up to the last minute before the tugs swing the great vessel out into mid-stream she takes in coal, and barge after barge is emptied, and still the work goes on. Enough coal is burned in one day to keep a block of buildings warm for months. Some of this coal has already made one sea-voyage, coming from Pennsylvania, and creeping along the Jersey coast in unwieldy hulks that years ago were fast sailing-ships, but now have fallen from their high estate and become mere drudges for their successful rivals the steamers. It is a strange thought that all of this coal that is poured into the steamer's side has been dug out of the mines only to make a path of ashes at the bottom of the sea—a path that connects two continents, and to which thousands of tons are added daily. It leads to the mental suggestion, can the coal last forever? Before long, doubtless, this scene will be one of the past, and electricity will be taken on board silently to fill great storage-batteries, and the path of ashes will cease to grow.

To the average cabin passenger snugly ensconced in his rugs on the upper deck, the depths of the ship where the "sweltering stoker" works are as unknown as the interior of a volcano. But if a sight that will never be forgotten is attractive, he will be repaid by a trip down the iron ladders. There he will learn where the coal goes to.

JOHN DE WITT WARNER.

Mr. Warner is one of the men for whom those who wish the country well would desire a public career. It is only partly true that such a career is impossible in this country. Given the man and the constituency, and it is not only possible, but it is the rule, that the man who makes himself useful to his constituency, or who adds lustre to the district or the State, remains in public life as long as he desires. It is only necessary to recall a few names of Senators and Representatives of to-day to verify this. It is the fashion to think of the South as the section that keeps its public men most continuously in office. But with the advent of the newcomers into politics this is changing. Some of the Northeastern States are more loyal than the South to their statesmen. Of seventy-three Senators—the Senators from the new States are omitted—fifty have served more than one term, and several of the first-term men are in the Senate by reason of political revolutions in their States.

It is nevertheless true that in the city of New York it is extremely difficult for an ambitious man to maintain himself in public life by the exertion and exhibition of statesmanlike abilities. The machine controls its statesman in accordance with a certain pattern—commonplace and often base—and if by accident it occasionally produces something different and better, it hastens to remedy the mistake. There are three men in the present delegation from New York city who ought to remain in public life. One of these is a member of the House against his will, having taken the nomination as a favor to the machine and to save it from the blunder of nominating a man with a reputation for evil-doing that is not surpassed by that of any Tammany leader. But it is understood that Mr. Cockran has displayed so much character that the machine is astonished and puzzled by its product, and intends to replace him with smaller, meaner, and more congenial material as soon as possible, for very fear of what a Congressman with an independent thought or two may do.

Mr. Warner is in Congress from this city somewhat on suffrage. It is difficult for one who simply thinks of the place and its requirements, and tae man and his accomplishments and aptitudes, to imagine why Mr. Warner should not go to Congress from his present district as long as he desires to sit in the House. He is a Democrat, and his district is Democratic. He is qualified to discuss questions of national interests as few men are in either House of Congress. He knows more intimately and accurately than any member of the city's delegation the conditions and requirements of the commerce of this great port. His character is above reproach. He is not so carried away by his ideas as to attempt to accomplish his purposes by an unreasonable revolt against his party organization. He is a practical man, and by nature and training is imbued with the Anglo-Saxon spirit of fighting for an ideal and accepting the best that he can get. And yet he is very likely to find that the machine of his district would prefer to give his seat to some one who has earned it by services at Albany or the City Hall.

Mr. Warner comes from the stock of central and western New York that has added so much of fresh vigor to the life of the metropolis. The rural counties of the State have sent to the city a tide of sturdy manhood that has more than replaced its worn-out material. Mr. Warner is a typical American. Up to the time when he began his public efforts, which was some years before he was nominated for Congress, his career was like that of thousands of young men who work away from the farm to college and to high places in the learned professions or in business with a deliberation and with a stern purpose that carry them through arduous circumstances, enable them to bear great privations, and toughen their mental and moral fibre. Mr. Warner spent his boyhood on a farm, and prepared himself for college in the intervals of hard physical toil. He was one of the first students of Cornell University, and has since been one of its alumni trustees. After his graduation from college, in 1872, he became the editor of a daily newspaper in Ithaca, and then for several years taught school at Ithaca and Albany. While he was teaching school he read law and attended lectures at the Albany Law School, being admitted to the bar in 1876.

Double tasks seem to have been the rule of Mr. Warner's life. There is not an American college where young men are not doing as he did. It has been the custom of the country for undergraduates at our colleges to earn their support while obtaining an education. The question of success in such an effort is dependent on the student's physical and intellectual digestion. Mr. Warner was excellently provided in both respects, and his enormous labors have apparently not interfered with an unusually robust health. He seems to have no time for anything but work, and while he is always in a hurry, his is evidently not a haste that prevents thoroughness and accuracy.

Mr. Warner has made his way to the front with great

THE HON. JOHN DE WITT WARNER, OF NEW YORK.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY GEORGE W. BRECK.

rapidity. It is not eighteen years since he came to New York and began the practice of his profession, but he has succeeded in that, in politics, and in economics. In the early part of his career he began to make historical researches, and the Albany Institute, of which he is a member, published some of his writings. But Mr. Warner was not intended for the cloister or the library. He is too intense, too active, too generously endowed with the power of leadership. Not only his untiring and intelligent industry, but his loyal devotion to any cause in which he is enlisted, make him a masterful man, and put him at the front. He not only performs what he undertakes with great ability, but he is willing to assume labors that would appall not merely the average man, but the man generally accounted industrious.

Mr. Warner is a partisan and a party man in politics. The party, however, does not mean to him an organization existing for the purpose of enabling a set of men to govern the city or the State or the nation, but a necessary instrument for establishing certain political principles. Applying this idea to his own career, he is not in Congress simply to be a member of the House of Representatives. There is no pecuniary reward in public life for him. Pecuniary rewards are to be sought by such a man in his profession. There is nothing to him in the titular honors of official station. He belongs to a class of men who are steadily growing larger and more influential in this country, and especially in the great cities, whose dominating interests are in public questions, whose chief delight lies in the study of the current problems of statecraft, and whose ambition is to win distinction in that field of labor which for centuries has attracted some of the best minds of the race, and which in England has furnished opportunities to the educated and intelligent to the great advantage of the kingdom and the empire.

When Mr. Cleveland sent his tariff-reform message to Congress in 1887 it was felt that an era of hope in politics had begun. In the city of New York hundreds of educated young men, trained and accomplished, eagerly seized upon the opportunity to further the cause which the President had made the single subject of his message. The Reform Club was established in 1888 for the purpose of aiding the party whose leader had at last declared war against the monstrosities of protection. It was to be and has been the organization that, without any party alliance, represented Democratic principles. Mr. Warner was one of the charter members of the club. The vigor and quick success of the club were due to the unbounded hope and expectations, and to the great energy, of a group of members among whom Mr. Warner was prominent. The club took part in politics with an enthusiasm which astonished old politicians who were unaccustomed to organizations that had no personal ends in view. Mr. Warner was early elected one of the board of trustees, and was chairman of the tariff-reform committee. He edited the *Tariff-Reformer*, a periodical published by the club, devoted to arguments and statistics in behalf of a change of the tariff law in the interest of the consumer. The bound volumes of this work are reservoirs of information and inspiration for speakers and editors, and a large number of the articles are from Mr. Warner's pen. He organized the work of the committee so thoroughly that soon the club was in correspondence with leading Democrats in all the States, and especially in States where there was a close struggle between the tariff-reformers and the protectionists. It is by reason of this organization that the Reform Club became the most potent single instrument by which the Democratic gains were made in Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, Minnesota, and Illinois. The literature of the tariff-reform committee and its speakers went everywhere. Among the speakers, Mr. Warner was one of the strongest and most constantly employed. He has spoken for tariff reform in nearly if not quite every campaign since he came to New York, and he made a place for himself in public life which could not be denied him even by the exclusive machine. He has brought strength and character to the party, and at the same time he has been maintained by a strong organization of which he is one of the founders. Of the group of men who have been associated with Mr. Warner he is the only one who has been placed in public life by the regular party organization, although a little wisdom on the part of the Democratic leaders of the State would have induced them to welcome the alliance of all.

This contest for principles is not over, and has not been fruitless. Sooner or later there will be a place in politics for men who are fitted for public life by taste and training. Mr. Warner is a pioneer. His work in the Reform Club, especially in behalf of the reduction of tariff taxes, led to his nomination to Congress in 1890. This was one of the last efforts of the old County Democracy. In 1892 he was nominated for Congress in another district by Tammany Hall. The nomination was made after much hesitation, for although Mr. Warner was not an aggressive County Democracy man, that organization, hated by Tammany Hall, had first put him forward and elected him, compelling the withdrawal of the Tammany candidate. It is just to Mr. Croker to say that he finally yielded to the influences brought to bear on Mr. Warner's behalf on the sole ground of the candidate's fitness to represent the city in a contest for tariff reform.

In Congress Mr. Warner has made himself prominent and useful. He is one of the few well-equipped members of the House on economic and financial questions. He is a ready debater and a convincing speaker. He not only takes his part in the consideration of the questions before the House, but he is diligent in committee work, and he is tactful in managing members with whom the ordinary city Representative has very little influence.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

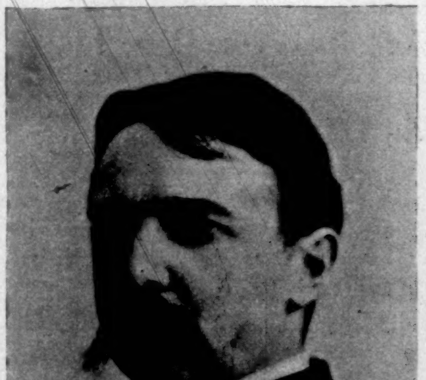
IN PURITAN DAYS—CRIMINALS EXHIBITED IN THE MARKET-PLACE.—DRAWN BY DOUGLAS VOLK.—[SEE PAGE 399.]

ART IN MUNICIPAL DECORATION.

THE Municipal Art Society should be well pleased with the success of its first efforts to embellish New York. Not only has its first competition resulted in a very interesting collection of designs, which are on exhibition, free of charge, at the Fine Arts Building, but the one chosen by the jury to be carried out is in all respects the best among them, which is not always the case in competitions. This fact should not surprise us, however, when we learn that the jury was composed of such men as S. P. Avery, Howard Russell Butler, William T. Evans, Daniel T. French, Augustus St. Gaudens, ex-Judge H. E. Howland, Richard M. Hunt, Francis Lathrop, Seth Low, Henry G. Marquand, George W. Maynard, Francis D. Millet, H. Siddons Mowbray, George B. Post, and Bruce Price.

It may be as well to state that the object of the society is "to provide adequate sculptural and pictorial decorations for the public buildings and parks in the city of New York." For the furtherance of this object a competition was invited on February 15th for the decoration of the court-room of Oyer and Terminer in the Criminal Courts Building on Centre Street. This room is occupied by a judge of the Supreme Court who deals exclusively with criminal cases of great gravity, and is therefore a place demanding a decorative scheme of the utmost sobriety in coloring, composition, and sentiment. The competition was open to artists without distinction of age or sex.

No less than forty-seven artists submitted designs. The jury met on April 18th, and awarded the commission to decorate the court-room to Mr. Edward Simmons, whose



HENRY E. ABBEY,
Of Abbey & Grau, Managers of the Metropolitan Opera Company.
[See Page 402.]

work will, we hope, erelong become one of the permanent adornments of our city. Mr. Simmons has in his design shown a sincere regard for the dignity of the chamber he was called upon to decorate. The first thing that strikes you in looking at it is its monumental severity and cold passionless reserve. Gray-ivory, gray-oak, and gray-gold are the dominant notes of his color scheme, and these obtain even on the east wall, which, in conformity with the conditions of the competition, he has filled with figure subjects. In the central panel towers aloft a stately figure of Justice, holding high, with a simple direct action, the scales, which seem to be not merely a conventional attribute, but the reason for her being there, to weigh out his just meed to the wretch arraigned before her. Her draperies constitute the strongest note of color in the room, and they are steely peacock. In her right hand she carries the cross-crowned orb symbolic of Christian rule. It is intended to introduce in the composition at her feet two boys, bearing, one, the sword symbolizing condemnation, the other a pair of doves emblematic of acquittal.

In the left-hand panel are seated three male figures robed in white—Liberty, Fraternity, Equality; and in the right-hand panel the three Fates—seated female figures of varying ages, typifying, as they did to Hesiod of old, Youth, Maturity, and Age.

In all these we have the same serene emotionless scheme of color—opalescent white draperies, flesh, and in the background marble benches and steps, together with curtains, gray yellowish-white, with delicate patterns in silver and gold. The pictures are framed in heavy garlands of laurel of a grayish-golden hue, with the Roman fasces between each picture in high relief. All the figures will be slightly over life size—the men seven, the women six, feet in height.

The second prize was awarded to Mr. C. Y. Turner, whose design is of a totally different nature. In subject it is historical, and in character *genre*.

The entire east wall is filled with a picture of the trial of the first case tried in New York after the Revolution—that of Rutgers *vs.* Waddington. This marks the beginning of our own courts, and is, besides, famous for the distinguished men concerned in it.

It was tried before the Mayor's court in the old City Hall, in 1784, before Mayor James Duane and Recorder Richard Varick. As counsel, John Lawrence, W. Wilcox, Robert Troup, Egbert Benson, Alexander Hamilton, B. Livingston, and Morgan Lewis appeared. The case was an important one to New-Yorkers, and, it is said, would if tried at the present day come before the Court of Oyer and Terminer.

Portraits of most of those concerned in the trial are extant, and Mr. Turner has chosen a moment when Alexander Hamilton was addressing the court. He has also paid great attention to the architecture and the other details of furniture and costume.

He proposed to make the architectural details used in his decoration Colonial in character, and to treat the color scheme in cream and buff.

The choice for third prize fell upon Mr. Walter Shirlaw. As may be imagined, Mr. Shirlaw's scheme is allegorical and classical in a high degree. The eight figures composing the three groups into which, like Mr. Simmons, he has divided his decorations for the east wall are all female, all colossal in scale, and all very slightly draped. In the centre are Justice and Truth; to right and left two groups: Crime—three figures on a desolate stretch of coast huddling away from the coming of Day. Law—three stately personages on the walls of a city by the sea grouped together in a dignified composition over an enormous volume. His color scheme for the decoration of the rest of the room is pale terra-cotta and whitish-gray.

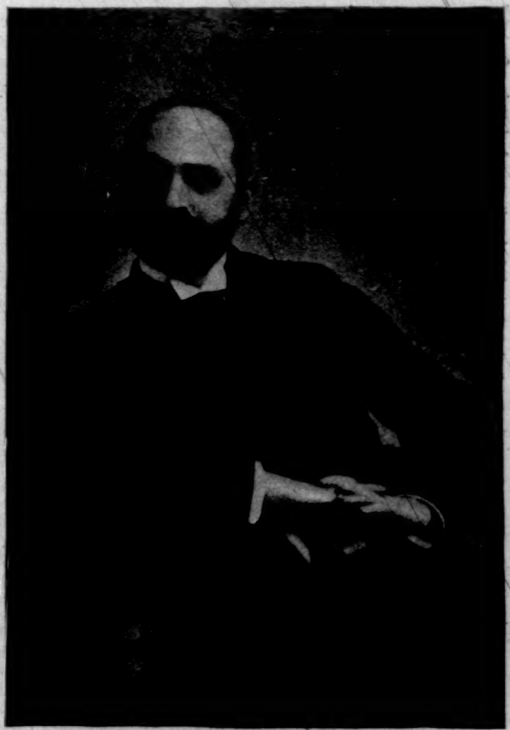
Other artists of distinction represented are Mr. Will H. Low, whose figure decoration consists of a central group of Law supported by Force and Justice, with the miraculous freeing of St. Peter on one side, and the first murder on the other; Mr. W. L. Dodge, with a rather ambiguous allegory of Justice in the centre, supported on either side by allegorical pictures showing the rewards of Virtue and the penalties of Crime; Mrs. Kenyon Cox, who has a very noble and severely simple scheme for the decoration of the east wall: Law standing between Force and Justice, with allegories of Peace and Abundance to the right, and Retribution on the left.

Mrs. Sarah Whitman, of Boston, submits an original and serious decoration containing a central composition of the Angel with the Book of Life, before whom comes a shadowy crowd for judgment. The principal features of her side panels are two trees—the Tree of Life in a World of Peace, and the Tree of Knowledge in a World of Strife.

Did space suffice, much might be written concerning these and others—the works of Messrs. Albert Herter, Herbert Denman, W. S. V. Allen, H. Prellwitz and Miss Mitchell, C. S. Reinhart, Frank Moss, Mesdames M. A. Sherwood, Bush-Brown, Miss H. Maitland Armstrong, etc., in all forty-seven in number—which make the Vanderbilt Gallery of the Fine Arts Society a very interesting place to visit just at present.

The Municipal Art Society may be congratulated upon having made so serious a beginning to its praiseworthy work.

EDWARD HAMILTON BELL.



MAURICE GRAU,
Of Abbey & Grau.—From a Photograph by Pach.—[See Page 402.]

THE NEW YORK SEASON FOR GRAND OPERA.

BY ANTON SEIDL.

THE season for grand opera in New York, which has almost closed, offers a chance for certain interesting considerations. Inasmuch as the daily papers have, as a general thing, followed the individual performances with correct criticisms, I feel that I can neglect repetitions, and shall therefore pick out merely the most notable facts, and, if possible, whatever novelty the season has afforded, so that we can clearly recognize what of gain we have won with respect to art.

And, above all, there is a lady the honor of whose acquaintance we cannot rate too highly. She is an artist of the first rank—she is Madame Calvé. A magnificent power of presentation, a sharp-cut individuality, a sensuous warmth, a fiery gift of action on the scene, a conception of the part in its big lines combined with singular acuteness for details—in this genuine art-soul everything flows with a feverish twist and turn. Her temperament has from the first predisposed her toward sensuous and warm-blooded characters of women from the South. Love betrayed, a hot thirst for revenge, raging jealousy, overwhelming sorrow, hankering after blood, yielding and self-surrender—in a word, the most incongruous feelings in human nature are so completely at her command as an actress that one fancies one has lived through all these varied emotions along with her whenever one sees her on the stage.

I place her conception of Santuzza in *Cavalleria Rusticana* far above her Carmen. Perhaps that springs from the rôle itself. Carmen is a character difficult to represent, owing to the unlikelihood that so many antagonistic traits should be found in one and the same person. In Act I. a good-for-nothing, frivolous flirt, this cigar-seller, with her immodest Havanese and Arragonese songs, must become in Act II. the performer of a glowing love duet, and, indeed, at the close a voice rising in leadership far above all others, yet in Act III. turn at once into a prophetess of evil, moving us with the heaviest, most dramatic accents—a woman who has to gaze on her own fate with a frightful shudder, and look horrible death in the face. As if that were not enough, in the last scene she must, on the open stage, allow her body to be regularly hacked to pieces.

So, then, this fourfold nature, this artist, has to be a soubrette in the first act, a glowing lover in the second (with obligatory knowledge of dancing), in the third a dramatic artist of the highest sort, and in the fourth a realist who has studied the death-agony in the menagerie, perchance, or in some hospital or morgue. This, it seems to me, is asking a good deal from one and the same person.

In some one of these simulations of nature the actress must be weaker than in the others. We can safely pick out the card-playing scene in Act III. It is true that even there Madame Calvé is a large personality, but one feels that she is not so shaken by emotion as the music warrants. Moreover, she entirely ignores the story of the orchestra, the quivering of the death-shudder, which is clearly marked in the music. She only gazes into space, as if lost in a dream, while she sits in a finely chosen pose, as if fallen therein by chance. At this moment the music says one thing and the artist acts another. This should not happen in so magnificent a performance; there is something missed or forgot, which she ought to fill in by a closer study of the meaning of the music.

A similar point appeared to me in her rendering of Santuzza. It is in the first part of the opera—the mute scene, after the excited duet with Turiddu. The music tells its story clearly. Santuzza sinks to earth as if stunned by the hard, repellent behavior of her lover. Passions rage in her, as in a volcano, with a weird power. She cannot get control of herself. Then again, as if in far-off lost remembrance, comes her hapless, self-sacrificing love, which threatens to burst her heart—all is gone, gone irrevocably. Now fate brings Alfio to meet her.... transition! Now just here, from the close of the duet to the entrance of Alfio, there is a conception taken thoroughly amiss, which is expressed almost exactly the contrary to that which the orchestra is picturing. She jumps up, shifts her apron into place, puts herself in neat, nice order, and gazes into the church as if she intends to engage with Lola in a struggle. The way in which Madame Calvé does all this is certainly excellent and effective; but it does not fit the music which is played at the time. I believe that if Madame Calvé would listen carefully to this part of the orchestration she would instinctively change her acting and get on the right road.

There are some little exaggerations of detail; for instance, some against Lola which might well be omitted, and thereby the entire tremendously moving character of Santuzza would gain still more in verisimilitude. But these little criticisms shall not withhold me from the statement that we have learned to know one of the greatest interpreters of human nature in Madame Calvé, a grand artist for truth, and a genius of the boards the like of which few are to be found.

I have spoken of greatness in mimic representation, and now I come to Madame Melba, in whom we find the prodigal richness of one of the most beautiful voices that ever rang from human throat. Melba's voice has a magical, fairylike tone, and yet, with all the charm of sound, there is present such a roundness of technique that one is simply amazed. Generally heretofore colorature singers have not grown in very luxurious profusion with sustained cantilena or melody. Patti alone hitherto has had both in the highest completeness; but in Madame Melba song and technique are present not only in the greatest completeness, but brilliant, fairylike, and as if shining with a supernatural glory. The trill in her case is of quite fabulous sustention; for instance, she has at her command a long and powerful crescendo on the highest notes that is without a parallel, and yet performed with a clearness and certainty which simply excite astonishment, and at the same time soft, clinging, and cajoling. Her science of taking breaths is complete, and infallibly calculated for the length of a musical phrase, never left to chance or error, but ever firm, even, and without deception.

In *Lucia* the mad-woman's scene could not have been possibly better heard by the composer himself. It is impossible to think of a higher education in technical power and performance for a human throat. Why should people cast up against her a certain reserve in her acting, a certain noble indifference? Any one who can do in song what Madame Melba does should be pardoned a certain coldness, not merely with an excuse, but with gladness. It is much to be deplored that owing to a too rough criticism of her Nedda she has allowed herself to be misled into an entire abandonment of that part. All the parties in the matter have lost by this resolution of hers—to wit, the public, the opera, the management, the receipts at the box-office, and she herself, since she certainly must like the rôle.

Now we come to Madame Nordica. I heard her once some years ago as Aïda, and never had the faintest idea what she would turn out. But what a change! I prophesy for her a brilliant future as a highly dramatic singer; she will be a singer of Wagner of the best style, for she has plenty of industry, earnestness and enthusiasm, and every month her voice develops itself more and more. But, according to my thinking, from now on she ought to give up entirely all singing of pronounced colorature parts. Success to her in Beireuth is my heartiest wish!

Among the new masculine acquaintances I would specify that splendid man Monsieur Plançon—every inch an artist. A magnificent bass, a tall fine figure, wonderful phrasing, dignified noble action, subtle conception of the part, and true artistic temperament mark this gentleman. It is true that he was rarely employed as befitted his importance, but nevertheless he bravely won for himself one of the first places in the hearts of the public. I rank his performance as the friar in *Romeo and Juliet* as a notable artistic success. A thrilling and grand performance quite in the spirit of the master was his rendering of the final song of Wotan in the *Walküre*, when he appeared at the February concert of the New York Philharmonic Society.

Messrs. Lucia and Ancona are two phenomena in *verismo*, for whom their parts in *Pagliacci* and *Cavalleria Rusticana* seem to have been written to the life. In the former opera Lucia gave out notes which were truly awe-inspiring. He is able to reproduce in one bar laughter and weeping side by side, and with such truth that one really does not know to whom to award the prize—to the composer who is able to express his ideas with such nice brevity, or the singer who is able to support the composer with such a rich gift of invention. In any case Mr. Lucia's performance is such that one cannot easily forget it. That luckless Canio will follow me many a day!

Ancona is a thorough workman, in whose nature, however, the softly lyrical are far more pronounced than the dramatic and moving elements.

And now, when I mention that the two great pillars, artists *par excellence*, the two brothers De Reszké—Jean, decidedly the greatest Faust and Romeo of our age, and Edward the Great as well—then the barytone Lassalle, one of the best men of the profession in the world of opera, and consider that all have been heard during the course of the season in their rôles so well known to us and so much admired, I have touched upon the brightest facets of this time of opera. The management deserves the thanks and congratulations of every lover of music, because through its efforts the New York public has made the acquaintance of these great artists.

Artistic virtuosity has solemnized a grand triumph on the stage of the Metropolitan. Especially, never before has a better orchestra accompanied an Italian opera in this country. For the first time in the history of the Italian opera has the orchestra been of equal worth with the singers; indeed, as one may readily understand, in many cases superior. For instance, the performance of *Pagliacci* under the leadership of Mancinelli was really masterly, and I listened also to a splendid performance of Figaro's Wedding, under Bevignani. To complete the list, let us mention *Rigoletto, Semiramis, Lohengrin, Tannhäuser, Meistersinger, Huguenots, Don Juan, Philemon and Baucis, Hamlet, Aïda*, and *Orpheus*, as performed during the season.

Finally we had the first performance of *Werther*. This opera of Massenet's has proved to be a veritable jewel of instrumental art, and the orchestra, under Mancinelli, again did a magnificent piece of work. So exquisite a score as concerns instrumental technique has, perhaps, never before been written. To be sure, there is nothing very important in the invention of melody, but the composer knows how to make the unimportant extraordinary. The first act leaves one cold, the second rises in importance, and the love duet in the third act is a most magnificent composition, notwithstanding that it has for its principal theme a simple ballad. Jean de Reszké's artistic personality carries the whole opera, and on this occasion he sang rarely. Goethe and Massenet would have embraced him, although the former would doubtless not have been as tenderly disposed toward the adapters of his literary creation. Madame Eames contributed greatly to the success of the opera.

The whole performance afforded striking proofs of how gladly the public will welcome a novelty when it is good. There was an actual sigh of relief at receiving something fresh in place of the everlasting *réchauffés*, that, served year in, year out, are enough to weary the most ardent opera-lover with their sameness.

The managers have almost always had the house completely sold out for the Sunday concerts, which they gave with draughts upon their splendid force of singers. The success of *Carmen* was really unparalleled; and equally were *Faust* and *Romeo* "all sold." It is to be hoped, however, that the management will now give more elbow-room to the repertory, and next year present to us on their stage such names as Massenet, Saint-Saëns, Berlioz, Bruneau, and Reyer. We are hopeful of getting *Falstaff* and *Medici*, and perhaps *Radcliff*, if it is worth anything.

It is with intention that I say nothing of or hardly mention the name of Wagner; otherwise I should have to speak of certain charity performances which were given in this same opera-house. By the help of much money, and with small results, *Walküre, Götterdämmerung*, and *Tannhäuser* were given for the benefit of various charitable aims. The performances were remarkably well attended, and that showed clearly enough the desire for a good German opera. One thing is certain, the affair of German opera in New York has not been furthered by this attempt at advertisement, and it will cost much effort to put it on its legs again in this city. It is not enough to kindle enthusiasm for German opera; we must understand how to keep it alive, and to do that something more is needed than to be "smart."

AN AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA.

THERE should be no phase of professional success more grateful to a woman who undertakes the arduous life of a public artist than one expressing undiminished personal regard, as well as enthusiastic appreciation of her work. Such a double tribute in art came to Madame Emma Eames on Thursday of last week with the New York *première* of Massenet's new opera of *Werther*—an incident in which many circles of friends and an enthusiastic section of the more general public reached a height to stamp the opera's first production here as an incident for special recollection. Regarded merely as a musical performance, it was memorable; and after having been unavoidably deferred by Messrs. Abbey and Grau from the earlier opera nights of their bisected season at the New Metropolitan, Massenet's score, sombre and delicate, occasionally vehement, met with an interpretation that made those who listened congratulate themselves on being auditors.

The rôle of Charlotte is one essentially suited to Madame Eames's voice. It is not less favorable to her personality and talent as an actress. The girlish simplicity and refinement with which she invests it surpass in charm even her Juliette; and degree by degree, as Werther's tragedy becomes Charlotte's tragedy, she strengthens the study with a vigor of emotional expression not less effective than the measure of it already familiar to New York through her assumption of Margherita and Micaela. The liquid upper register of her soprano finds a happy vehicle in what Massenet has here written; and distinctively French in her artistic methods, Madame Eames exhibits in this part a sympathy with its music which made one doubtful of deriving the same satisfaction from another interpreter.

The same question, in fact, could not but suggest itself with relation to Mr. Jean de Reské's interpretation of the music for the hero, alternate melancholy and *exalté*; and when the tenor and soprano, for the seventh or eighth time after the final curtain had fallen, stood bowing their thanks to their audience, the honors were as equal as they were unusual. *Werther* altogether has made a pleasant closing episode in the New Metropolitan notable season of 1893–4. In reviewing the past winter's earlier or later weeks of the opera company's brilliant performances in French and Italian, Madame Eames's abilities will be observed to have sustained a test quite exceeding that which her engagement three years ago brought to her, when the field was practically her own. During the past months she has successfully proved her artistic stature, and experienced no decline in local partiality, when weekly brought into contrast with two sopranos of the first efficiency and of an extraordinary vogue, Madame Melba and Madame Calvé, not to pass by so admirable an artist as Madame Nordica—also an American—who has this year risen in a far higher orbit than ever before. In fact, in carefully discriminating between so many effective and delightful performances—made almost an every-night matter, thanks to the strength and diverse talents of the company heard this year at the New Metropolitan—it will be remembered that Madame Eames has been prominent in not less than three of the most thoroughly artistic of the season's productions—Mozart's "Wedding of Figaro," Bizet's *Carmen* (as Micaela), and Massenet's opera above named. One is not sure but that her Countess Almaviva, vocally and emotionally, is almost Madame Eames's greatest honor, for to hear Mozart's music so sung is something to write down on the tablet of memory, pleasure rare as it is exquisite. Mozart's music is the white light that tests whatever be the attributes in the thing subjected to it, and Madame Eames sings Mozart with perfect art in this masterpiece. *Werther* furnished a new standard of the New England prima donna's vocal art and histrionic effectiveness. It is unfortunate that the Messrs. Abbey and Grau should have postponed New York's acquaintance with the opera and such a portrayal of its heroine until the eleventh hour.

The American woman hard at work in one of the most arduous and exacting phases of professional life open to the sex is distinguished by the fashion in which Madame Eames in her private and public life sustains her personal and artistic responsibility, and accepts laurels thoroughly merited. The prophetess, after all, is not without honor in her own country, even if the prophet still has a grudge against his public. But perhaps that is because he does not yet as well deserve better fortune.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

A VENIAL DECEPTION.

WHEN learnèd folk about me throng,
They find me reading heavy things:
Dry treatises on Right and Wrong,
The use of Peasants and of Kings.

The wise ones deem me quite a man,
Because these are the things I read.
I'm called a Sage because I scan
Full many a soporific screed;

But they should see me when I sit
All by myself among my books;
It makes me laugh to think of it,
Imagining their startled looks.

I bother not with Kant and such;
I pass old Herbert Spencer by;
My Hegel then I never touch;
Of Schopenhauer fight most shy.

But sitting 'neath the evening lamp,
A sofa cushion at my back,
I read of Giants, and that scamp,
The Ogre-killing hero Jack.

I read the Jabberwock with glee,
The Boojum and the Rhymes of Lear.
I am afraid, if they could see,
The learnèd folks would greatly sneer.

But they will never see, and so
Amongst the Sages I shall thrive;
And to my boys, I'd have you know,
I seem the finest man alive.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

MY BUNKEY.

"I have eaten your bread and salt, I have drunk your water and wine,
The deaths ye died I have watched beside, and the lives that ye led were mine."

A LONG dreary waste of glistening sand that extended for miles and miles in all directions, off to the left a sluggish stream of thick yellow water that crept over an uneven and rocky bottom, and above all a hot August sun that beat down unmercifully on the roofs of the few adobe buildings constituting Fort Packer, in Arizona. It was not an attractive sight, but to our little detachment of recruits, just joining, after a two weeks' wagon trip over the hot, arid sands of Arizona, it seemed at least rest and comparative comfort.

It was back in the seventies, when railroads were few in Arizona and fighting plenty, when men held life very cheaply, and when the mere handful of troops stationed there did

deeds glorious enough to reconcile one to the living exile service there meant. Our detachment numbered twenty, and when we halted in front of the adjutant's office, and looked around at the bearded and bronzed faces of the men with whom our lots were to be cast for the next five years, life seemed indeed a serious thing.

The allotment was soon made. There were only two troops of cavalry at the post, and the detachment was evenly divided between them. An hour later I found myself a full-fledged trooper, gazing rather hopelessly at the kit just issued me—two bridles, a saddle, saddle-bags, currycomb, brush, lariat and picket pin, nose-bag, side lines, carbine, revolver, sabre, spurs, prairie belt, and a dress belt and cartridge-box. For a moment I gazed at the chaotic pile, almost lost in despair, and then, hearing a footstep behind me, turned, and beheld John Silverton, the man in whose memory this little sketch is written.

It is hard to say just how old he was; his hair was rather gray, but his face and figure were those of a man still in the early thirties. He was a magnificent specimen of manhood, almost six feet, superbly put together, and with an air and grace that at once stamped him a gentleman. Upon his arms he wore the modest chevron of a cavalry sergeant, and by the letter K on his campaign hat I saw we belonged to the same troop.

"Somewhat perplexing, youngster?" His voice was rather low, with a something in it that instantly attracted me, and then, without waiting for an answer, he knelt down, and in a short while had reduced the apparently unmanageable pile to shipshape.

Later on, after the usual preliminaries, I was assigned the place next to Sergeant Silverton in the troop barracks, and thus we became bunkeys.

Soldiering was different in those days; post exchanges had not been dreamed of, and a barrack was by no means the comfortable and even luxurious one of the present. It was a time when men lived hard, drank hard, gambled hard, and fought hard. Their jests and jokes were rough, their language not always polite, their manners abominable, but their hearts were generally true, and there was a rude humor among them that smacked strongly of real manliness.

I was the youngest of our detachment, still in my 'teens, and to Silverton's kindness and tact I owe more than can ever be repaid. There were times when the life seemed absolutely intolerable; times when one almost envied the men who cared for nothing and lived accordingly; times, especially during the long hot summer nights, when sleep was impossible, and one was seized with horrible morbid fancies that almost made life a hell on earth; and there were other times, thank God, when "boots and saddles" drove all drivelling ideas out of one's head, and the real soldiering began.

The first year at Packer was rather uneventful—a decent amount of field service, two or three little skirmishes, and a slight change in the *personnel* of our troop. I had gotten my first promotion, and was a corporal in Silverton's squad. My chevrons had been properly wetted according to troop traditions; I had put my head in the water-barrel and called corporal to see how it sounded, and had almost been reduced the day after promotion for imagining (for a few brief moments only) that the junior corporal ranked the first sergeant.

In Silverton there was little change. He was the same quiet, dignified soldier, perhaps a trifle more impatient, but thoroughly liked and respected by the whole troop. My Bunkey had grown to be my friend and mentor, and it was due to his teaching and care that I achieved my first step towards my cherished goal.

The summer of 187- will be remembered by all who were there as the hottest and driest summer the Territory had ever known, and, to make matters worse, the Mescallero Apaches were at their old tricks of raiding and murdering the defenceless and isolated settlers.

On the 20th of August a detachment consisting of Sergeant Silverton, Corporal —— (the writer), and fifteen privates was ordered out on a ten days' scout in the direction of Tombville, from whence rumors had reached us of an anticipated raid by Chief Victoria. Our orders were to take in carefully the adjacent country, and to gather any and all information that might be of service in case of any further trouble. It was a wearisome and thoroughly uninteresting march across the hot, sandy prairie, studded with mesquit and cacti. We made Tombville on the fourth day, and after a careful survey of the situation, Silverton, after a night's halt, decided to return to Packer by what was known as the old "Animas Trail," winding round to the south through the foot-hills of the Graham Mountains.

What his specific orders were we never knew. He was a man of most excellent judgment, equal to any occasion, and, I am inclined to believe, was given *carte-blanche* by the post commander as to the way of conducting the scout. On the morning of the third day we were only twenty miles from Packer, and not a sign of an Indian had we beheld.

Silverton, who was always very quiet and reserved, seemed in an almost buoyant frame of mind that was a revelation to us all. I rode by his side, and he chatted, absolutely chatted, merrily over some of the few funny incidents of the trip, and about soldiering in general. "It was the only life for a man, after all," he said, his blue eyes flashing as he gazed around toward the little detachment jogging along quietly in the rear.

"The life of a trooper—" Crack! A puff of smoke from behind the few rocks to our right; a singing, shrieking sound none of us were strangers to; a sharp pish; a sound of tearing flesh; and "K" Troop could report another casualty.

For a moment Silverton reeled in his saddle, and then fell toward the ground head foremost.

With one accord the detachment halted. As I went to his assistance, ten of the men deployed and started toward the rocks. The engagement that followed was of short duration. Not over forty shots were exchanged, but the firing from behind the rocks was soon silenced.

There were three good Indians in Arizona that we could vouch for.

Silverton was shot through the body, how seriously we knew not. We dressed his wound as best we could, and then struck the trail again for Packer, which we made late that day. The news of Silverton's hurt created some little excitement in the garrison, which, however, soon subsided, for even the death of a man meant not much in those days. The morning report bore him from "duty to dead," and the monthly return showed "one more recruit required."

There was no hope from the beginning. The doctor told me, as soon as he had examined him, that death was a matter of only a few hours.

That night I sat with him as he lay stretched on the little hospital bunk apparently asleep. Taps had just sounded, and the lights in the barracks flickered up for a moment, and then went out in total darkness. There was the stillness of death around us, and for a moment I almost feared, yet hoped, the end had come.

"Bunkey!" It was the first time in our service he had ever called me so, and in an instant I was by his side.

It was almost over. Boy as I was, I could see that the shadows were fast gathering about him, though his eyes shone with their old brightness, and his face had that brave and subdued look I knew so well. With one hand he groped under his pillow, and then bringing forth an old long leather case, placed it in my hands.

"I want you to have it. Keep it always, youngster, and maybe some time it may help you. Believe; have faith—" His voice was growing rapidly weaker; and then with a pathetic little smile he said, "Always take your medicine like a man, Bunkey."

It was almost over. I had to bend to catch his words: "My wife, my sweetheart—my son."

His eyes were almost closed, and then as his hand wandered along the coverlet as if in search of something, I caught it in mine.

He never spoke again, and death came so quietly, I knew it not until his hand grew cold within my own.

In the case I found a tress of woman's hair, a newspaper clipping announcing the birth of a son to the wife of John —— (the name was not Silverton), another clipping six months later telling of the death of both mother and boy by accident, and the following letter, which I give in its entirety:

"It is just one month ago to-day, dearest, that our boy was born, and I have not had a line from you since you left me two long months ago. You left with a sneer on your lips and a look in your eyes that nearly broke my heart, and yet I did not and could not say one word to keep you or call you back to me. Pride is a dreadful thing, but sometimes it is all that we poor women have with which to hold our own in this world. When you left me I thought you would surely come back in an hour or so. But the weary night dragged on, and daylight found me sleepless and wretched, eagerly waiting for your footstep. The days passed, and still you came not. Can you imagine my feelings? How I managed to live God only knows! And then at last your lawyer came.

"When he told me you would never see me again I almost laughed at him. What did he know of our life, our love, and our—hope? He said you had been generous, and spoke of an allowance that he called princely. An allowance of what, dear? Of money; and my heart was breaking for a sight of you. It all seems like a horrible dream, and I remember little of what occurred until after my baby was born. They tell me I called for you constantly. Do you wonder, dearest? To whom should a woman call on at such a time? And yet I called in vain! At first I prayed God that we—the boy and I—might both die; but when they brought him to me, and I felt him at my breast—our boy, dearest—I wanted both to live for your sake. Do you remember the plans we made for him so long ago? What a man he was to grow into—strong, sturdy, and fearless! He was to have been a soldier, dearest, like your father; he was to have been named after him. He was to—oh, how can I bear it all! John! John! come back to me! You must know how wickedly you are treating me!

"Do you remember the night you asked me to marry you? It was the happiest moment in my life, and when I became your wife there was no prouder woman in the whole world. How could you leave me as you did? Why, dearest, no wife has been truer or more honest than yours. Even now I don't know why you are away from me. Your lawyer simply told me you had sworn to never see me again. And I asked him nothing; I could not bear to speak of it.

"But now I ask you, what have I ever done to merit such treatment? Is it manly? Is it generous? But for all this I care nothing. Come back to us; for it is us, now, dearest — your wife and your boy! Come back, I say, and let me take you by the hand and show you your son. When you have seen him, look into my eyes just a moment, and then, if you still want to leave me, I will gladly let you go.

"I don't even know where you are or what you are doing. I only know I love you and am miserable without you. I send this to C——, where Mr. Gant tells me he last heard from you. Your boy sends a kiss, and his mother prays God to send you back to both of us before long.

"Your Own Wife."

More of my Bunkey's life I never knew.

The letter was old and worn and ofttimes almost illegible. There were stains in many places, probably made by the hot regretful tears of the man to whom it was written. There can be no betrayal of trust in giving it to the world now, for my Bunkey has lain for, lo! these many years, 'neath the shifting sands of Arizona.

Thomas H. Wilson,
First Lieutenant, Second Infantry, U.S.A.

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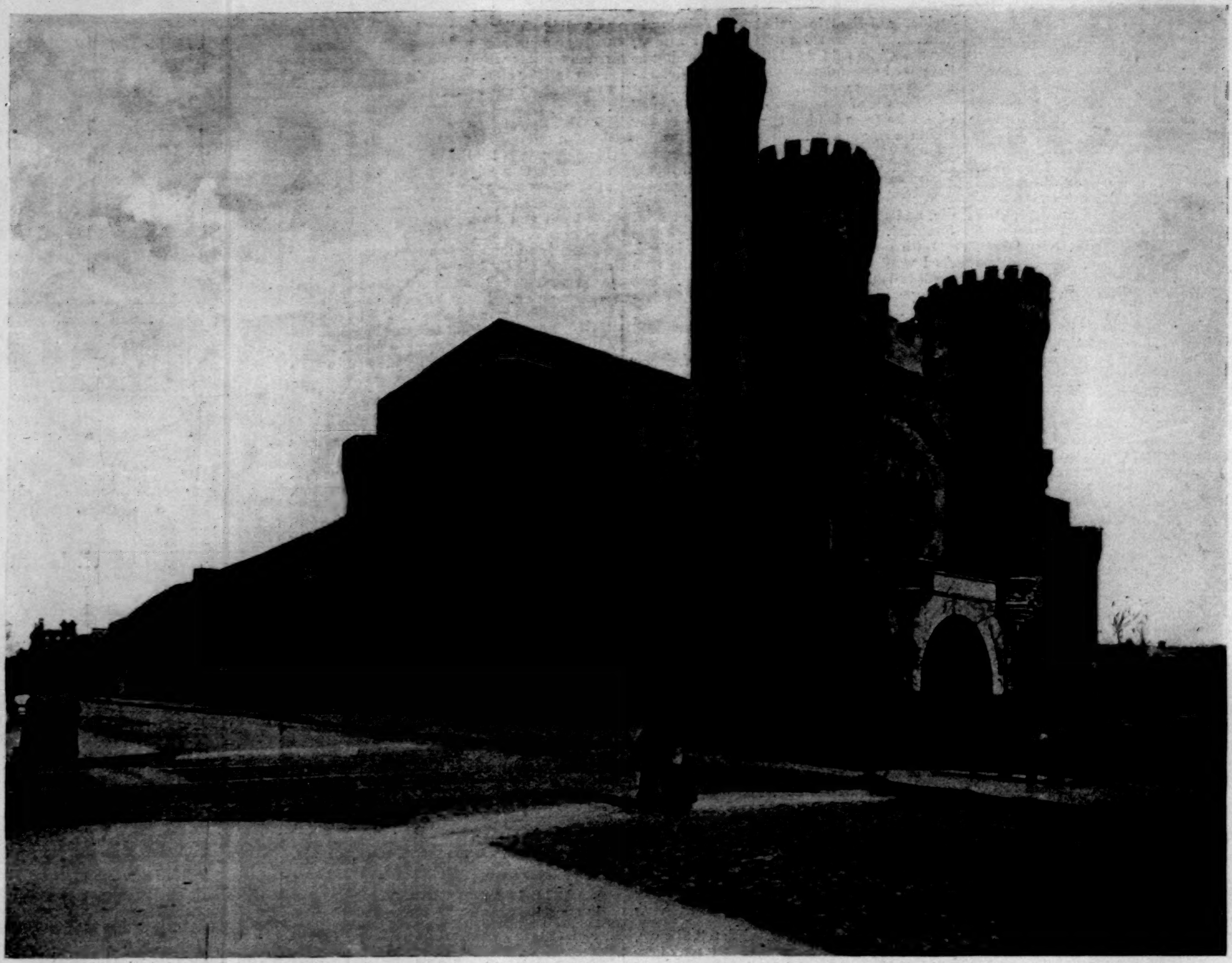
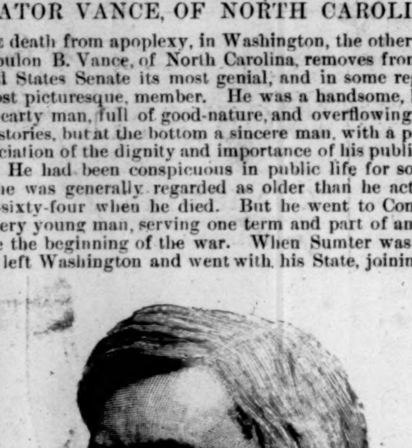


THE NEW ARMORY OF THE BROOKLYN THIRTEENTH REGIMENT, N. G., S. N. Y.

SENATOR VANCE, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

THE death from apoplexy, in Washington, the other day, of Zebulon B. Vance, of North Carolina, removes from the United States Senate its most genial, and in some regards its most picturesque, member. He was a handsome, bluff, and hearty man, full of good-nature, and overflowing with good stories, but at the bottom a sincere man, with a proper appreciation of the dignity and importance of his public station. He had been conspicuous in public life for so long that he was generally regarded as older than he actually was—sixty-four when he died. But he went to Congress as a very young man, serving one term and part of another before the beginning of the war. When Sumter was fired on he left Washington and went with his State, joining the



Confederate army as a Captain, and becoming a Colonel later. In 1862 he was elected Governor of North Carolina, and re-elected in 1864. He was very active in the assistance of the Confederate cause while Governor of his State, and gained great popularity all over the South. He used to tell of himself that during this period he was in a battle, and some one with him asked whether it was possible that real men could be afraid when under fire. "I don't know," he answered—"I don't know. But I do know that if I was not Governor of North Carolina, I would run like the devil."

When the war was over, Governor Vance was imprisoned in Washington for some time, but was honorably discharged. In 1870 he was once more sent to Congress, but the seat was refused him on account of political disabilities. These having been removed, he tried for election again two years later, but was defeated. In 1876 he was elected Governor of his State for a third time, and at the conclusion of his term, after a long struggle, he was elected to the United States Senate. To this body he was re-elected a second and third time—in 1884 and in 1890. His present term runs till the 4th of March, 1897, and already the politicians in North Carolina are busily engaged in the preliminary work of selecting his successor. Mr. Vance has been in declining health for more than a year past, and death was not a surprise. This circumstance accounts in a great measure for the quickly opened canvass for succession to his seat.

Mr Vance was an earnest supporter of tariff reform, and his speeches in the Senate and on the stump were among the most interesting that were delivered on this subject This may not have been so to a doctrinaire, but to the average man Mr. Vance's tariff speeches were as lucid as the subject could be made. He enlivened them with anecdotes that were not mere interpolations to raise a laugh, but apt illustrations of the point he was then making. His almost inexhaustible fund of amusing stories did him a good service, and always secured him a hearing. And what is more, the gentlemen of the press gallery at the Capitol testify to the fact that his stories were always new

Though a tariff-reformer, Mr. Vance was not in entire accord with the present administration. He differed as to the financial policy, and was in favor of the free coinage of silver. But his ill health prevented him from taking a very active part in the Senate since the beginning of Mr. Cleveland's present term. He was chairman of the Committee on Privileges and Elections, and a member of the Committee on Finance.

BROOKLYN'S GREAT ARMORY.

ONE of the most frequent criticisms of America heard from the lips of foreigners is to the effect that this country has no ruins. The monocled cockney, staring with the vacancy of supreme wisdom at the valley of the Hudson, drawls out: "It's beastly beautiful, y' know But I don't see any ruins."

In the presence of this criticism the patriotic American has always been as much abashed as the Atlantic Ocean was when Oscar Wilde said that he didn't approve of it.

The Hudson rolls a broad, bright, bold, and splendid stream, mightier than many Rhines, from Albany to the ocean, through most romantic hills; but by an oversight of our predecessors the architectural remains of the Mohawk chieftains have not been preserved for posterity. In the language of the stock market, America may be long on pork, but she is short on ruins; therefore we suffer.

It was with a view of changing this distressing condition of affairs that the architects of the country began, about ten years ago, to erect buildings which a hundred years hence, ghost-haunted and ivy-clad, will compete with anything on earth; and of all such buildings the new armory of the Thirteenth Regiment, N.G., S.N.Y., of Brooklyn, is perhaps the very best example.

The façade is strong, simple, grim, aggressive, in keeping with the purpose of the building The strength and massiveness of the structure catch the eyes of people a mile away. The building is situated in the very heart of the city, and is bounded by Sumner, Putnam, and Jefferson avenues. There is a reminiscence of the Bastile in that façade, and suggestion of the French feudal castles of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Huge round towers dominate the whole building and give it character They are heavily battlemented, and above them rises a turret which will be used as a signal-tower. The main towers are 120 feet high.

The entrance is through an impressive archway, standing in which one can see first the dignified and lofty staircases sweeping upwards at the sides; beyond them Memorial Hall, and beyond that again the long vista of the great drill-room—the largest in America, if not in the world. This view is one of the best features of the interior, and Rudolph Laurent Daws, the architect, whose artistic taste led him to insist on producing it—though the arrangements necessitated considerably increased the cost—had to fight hard with the purse-bearers for the required permission. The building has cost more than twice as much as the State calculated to pay for it. The Legislature appropriated $300,000, and thought it was acting very generously, but the total cost, including land, has been $700,000. There is consolation, though, in the thought that Brooklyn has not only the finest armory building in the country, but also in it has a structure at whose ruins men can point with pride when the year 2000 has come, and Astor's travellers return from shooting dragons in Jupiter.

Much cannot be done architecturally with the sides and roof of an armory, but character has been given in this instance by the groupings of the windows; the same appearance of massive simplicity which distinguishes the façade is preserved. The idea of defensibility has been carried out. The armory is strong. The walls are two feet and three feet thick. A handful of men properly posted could defend it against a very large mob. The windows are heavily guarded. Of course its defences would not avail against dynamite or modern artillery.

The Thirteenth Regiment is 600 strong. It may be raised to 1200. There are accommodations for 1200 men in the company-rooms and Administration Building. The Administration Building occupies the entire front of the building. It is 180 feet deep. It has basement and four stories, counting a mezzanine. In the basement are the rifle-galleries, firing-rooms, squad drill-rooms, boiler and engine rooms, and large lavatories. A swimming-bath will soon be added, and the regiment expects to build half a dozen bowling-alleys at its own expense. On the first story the company-rooms are situated, six on each side, while in the centre of the building is the Memorial Hall, which is used as a company drill-room Its dimensions are 55 by 120 feet. The company-rooms are 22 by 50 feet in dimensions; the ceilings are 14 feet high Each company-room contains a captain's and sergeants' rooms, and private stairs leading to the locker-room above, which is situated in the mezzanine story. Each locker-room holds 103 lockers. Officers' quarters are in the second story, they are large and excellent. The rooms of the council and the Veteran Association are especially fine, and are 44 by 50 feet each in size. The gymnasium, also, on the second floor, is 50 by 80 feet. The third story contains mess-hall, kitchen, and lecture-room.

Colonel David A. Austen, the commander of the regiment, will take possession of the building on the evening of April 23d. There will be no special function then, but in the autumn, when the great drill-hall is floored and the building is pronounced finished, the regiment, of which Brooklyn is deservedly proud, will march in, and their comrades in the service, the Old Guards, and the Washington Light-Infantry, and many other crack military organizations, will be present to do them honor.

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There are so few beauty-spots in the city of New York, and really so few monuments—in the way of historical buildings—that the perpetuation of one or the other should not be passed by unnoticed. New York possesses some fine church property that should always be jealously guarded, as the tide of trade sweeps uptownwards, from the encroachment of the warehouse and the apartment-house. These isolated bits of church property (below Twenty-third Street) can be counted on the fingers of two hands—Old Trinity, St. Paul's, St. Mark's, Grace Church, the old First, St. George's. These are historic names, and their appearance is pride-inciting to a degree.

Within the last year there has been completed an addition to one of these six churches that certainly strengthens the hope that it may go down untouched to posterity. We speak of the old First Presbyterian, at the corner of Twelfth Street and Fifth Avenue. Organized in 1717, it moved up town in the early half of the century, until it reached what we hope is its final resting-place. The first building was erected in 1718, on Wall Street near Broad. A quotation from the church minutes of the momentous year of 1776 might be of interest here, reading as follows: "The congregation being, with few exceptions, zealously attached to the American cause in the struggle with Britain for liberty, they were entirely broken up." They regathered, however, upon the return of peace, and finding the church in Wall Street, which had been used as a barracks, greatly dilapidated, repaired it at a cost of £2500 (a large sum in those days). In 1784 it was incorporated as the "First Presbyterian Church of the City of New York." It subsequently suffered total destruction by fire, and the same year (1834) was rebuilt, and six years later moved up town. The present beautiful building has been standing for fifty-four years. So much for its history: its work and worth have always been well known.

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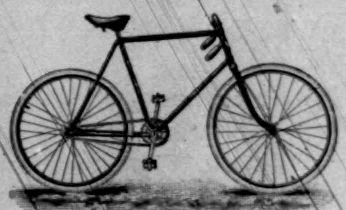

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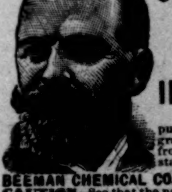

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